Sept. 14, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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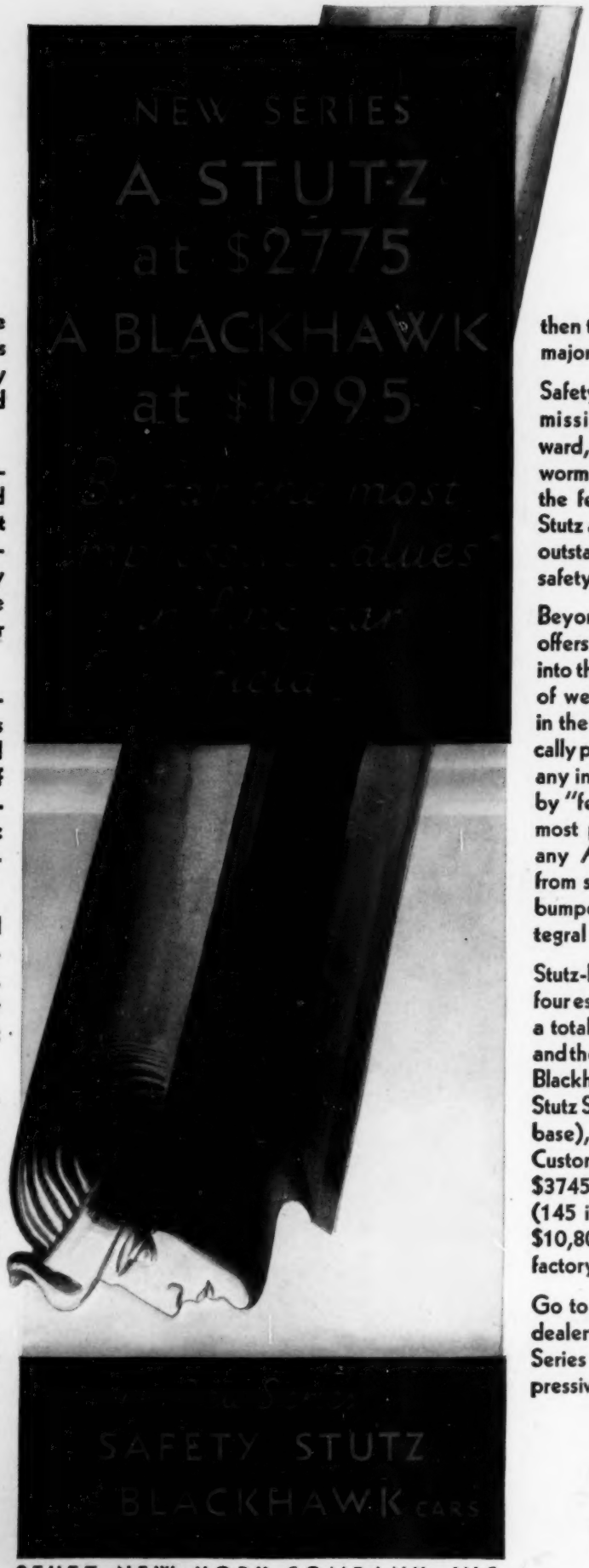

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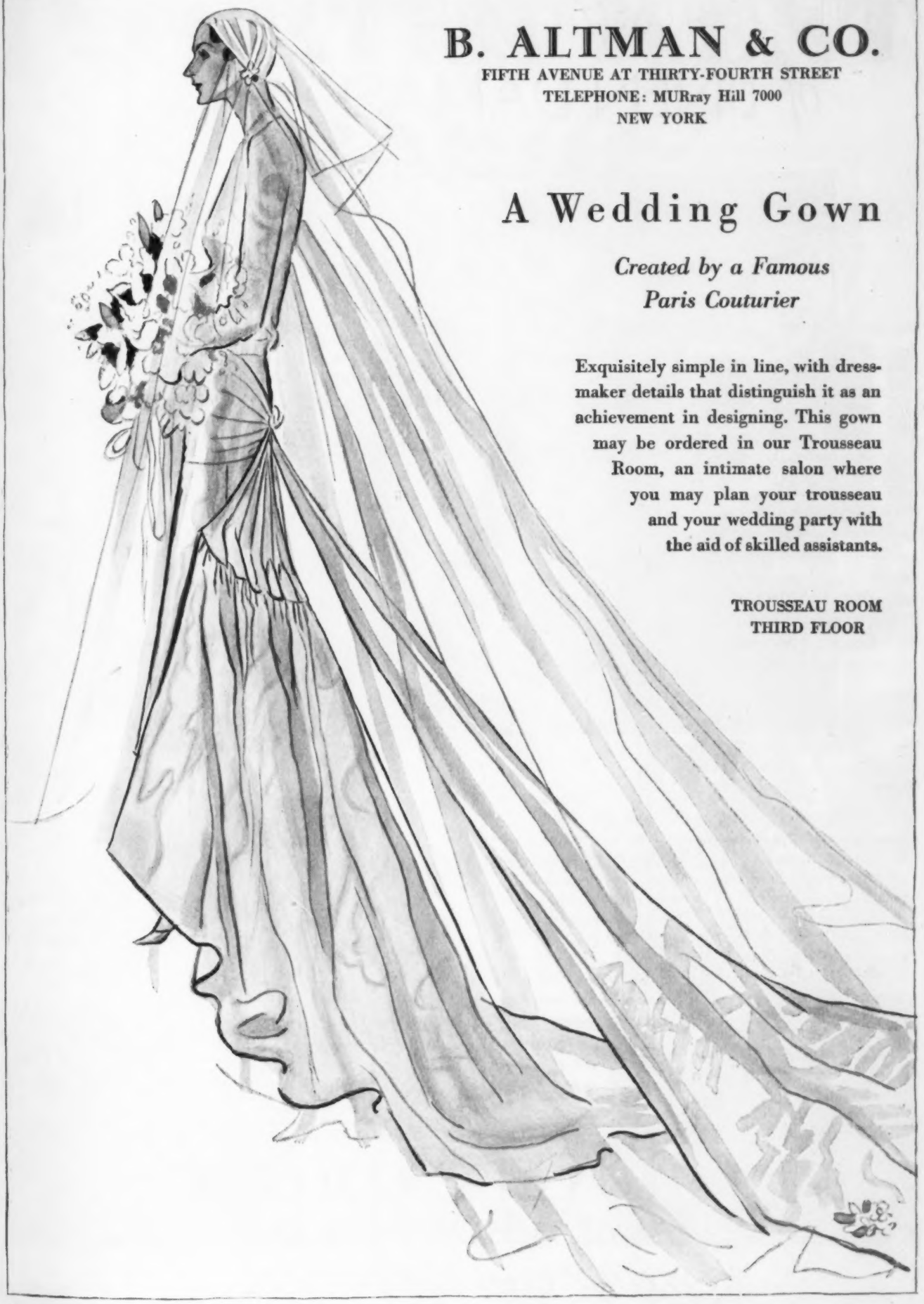

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 30, September 14, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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This idea of providing variety in Atwater Kent Radio in cabinets came to us from many home owners who asked for cabinets a little different from their neighbors'. In carrying out the idea, a great many good furniture makers have translated into beautiful

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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

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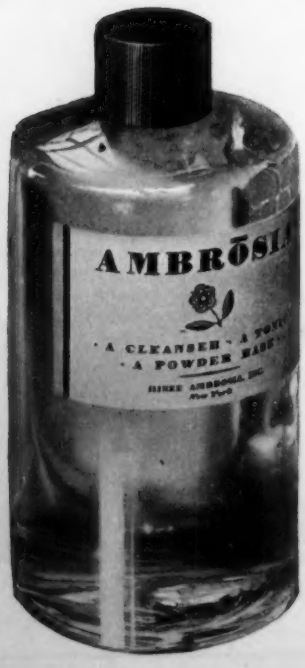
wrote to 85,262 "we moderns"

about this new beauty discovery

Saks-Fifth Avenue saw the tremendous importance of liquid Ambrosia to fastidious women, and wrote every one of their credit customers:

"Ambrosia is a cleanser, tonic and powder-base in one liquid—formerly the private formula of the Empress Eugenie. It is as easy to use as a compact, has a pleasant tonic odor and is more effective than any other type of cleanser, since it floats the dirt out of the depths of the pores."



Thousands of "we moderns" patronizing Saks-Fifth Avenue, found every word of this true. Liquid Ambrosia applied on cotton penetrates instantly into the pores. The deepest dirt floats onto the cotton. There is nothing to wipe away. Pores cleansed to their depths soon become naturally fine; even a skin which has grown coarse through neglect regains youthful firmness in a very short time with daily pore-deep liquid cleansing.

Dry skins are helped by a softening cream. The makers of Ambrosia do not make a cream, but recognize its value for softening, and recommend its use for dry skin, after thorough pore-deep liquid cleansing.

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"What's 'at, Mac—a riot?"
"Riot, nuthin'—'s a rug!"
"Yeah?"
"Yeah, n' you're seein' sumpin', too,
Bo! 'S largest rug in a' woild! 'S
'bout a mile long, a mile wide, 'n
dam near a mile deep. 'S goin' in
th' new Fox theayter there . . . ."
"Gees! Wait'll me ol' woman hears
about 'at, eh!"

MAC'S enthusiasm has led him slightly astray. This new Chenille rug specially designed and woven by Mohawk for the Fox theatre in San Francisco, and recently installed, is not, of course, a *mile* deep. Nevertheless, it *is* a luxurious fabric, and it *is* the largest rug in the world—37½ feet by 74 feet, with *one* invisible seam. It weighs 2 tons, contains 32 miles of Chenille "fur," and was produced in 13 weeks—or one week *less* than the original contract time. All of which should at last provide the native sons with a second topic of conversation!

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

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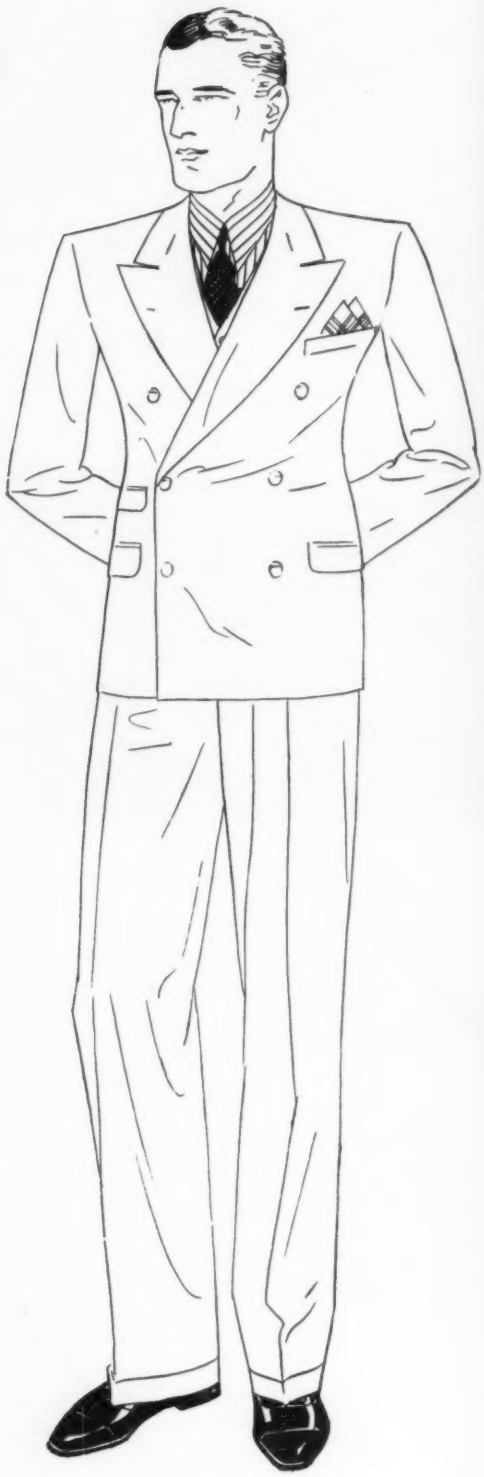
THE INCOMPARABLE DOUBLE-BREASTED



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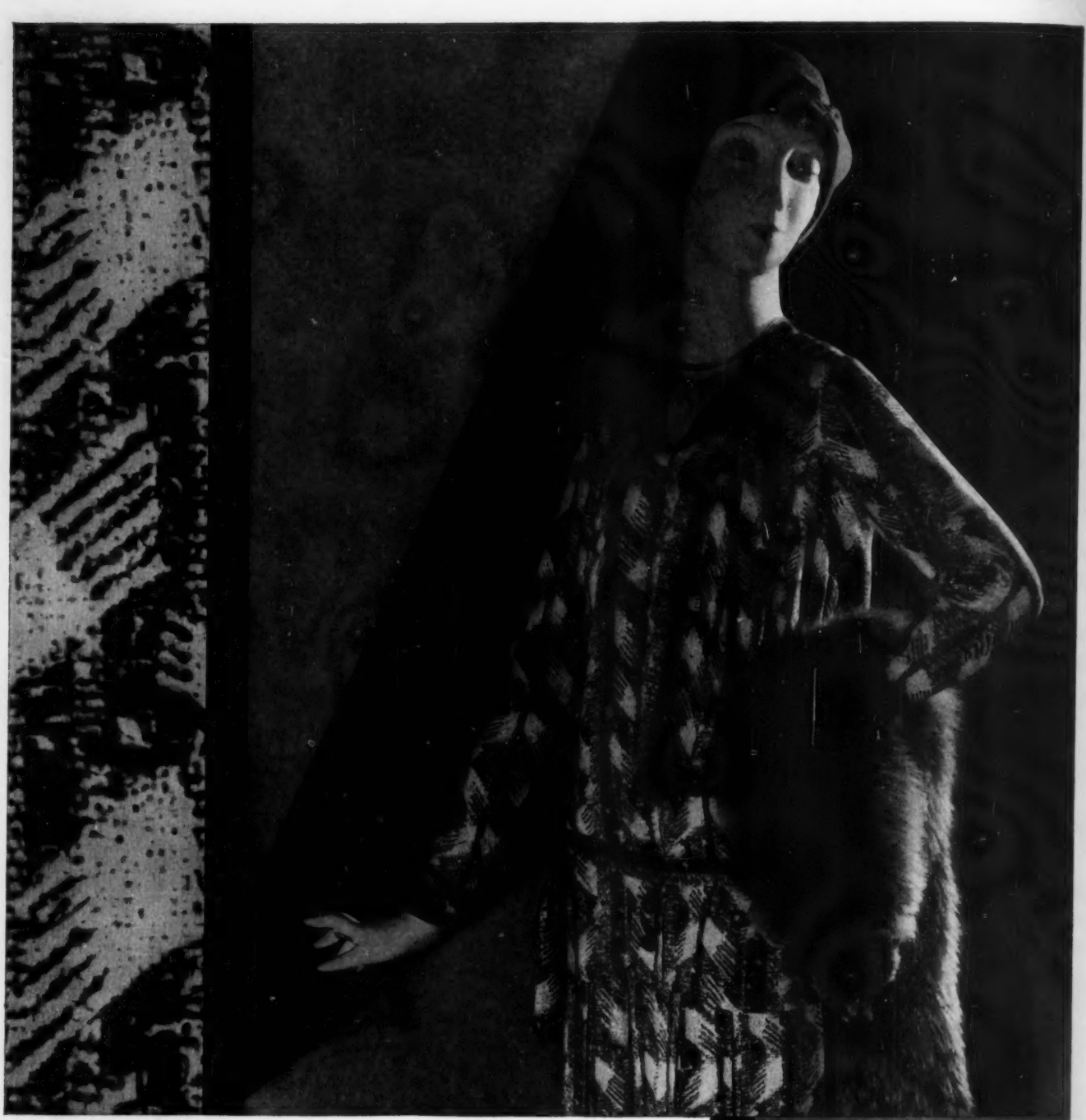

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild in a frivolous mood does an unimportant light comedy but does it beautifully. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne. First week of season—"The Sea Gull," a new production of Tchekov's play, with Miss Le Gallienne and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Mon. Eve., Sept. 16, première; Wed. and Fri. Eves., Sept. 18 and 20; Sat. Mat., Sept. 21.) . . . "The Cradle Song," smiles through the tears. (Tues. Eve., Sept. 17; Wed. Mat., Sept. 18.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen revival. (Thurs. Eve., Sept. 19.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Sat. Eve., Sept. 21.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE COMMODORE MARRIES—Walter Huston almost saves a highly mannered and very Smolletty comedy in which a retired sea captain is faced with mutiny on his homeship. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

GAMBLING—Starting with a very pretty murder mystery this runs rapidly downhill until you just don't care any more. The presence of George M. Cohan, however, makes it worth a try. (Fulton, 46, W.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

PORGY—A limited return engagement of one of the few really important plays of the past few seasons. Since its run here it has been making London negro-conscious. (Martin Beck, 45, W., starting Fri., Sept. 13.)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Love-life in a British army post, with Violet Heming as a very disagreeable lady and A. E. Anson as her elderly Nemesis. Good enough to open the season with. (Ritz, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the most popular of last season's musicals. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Black-and-tan revue. Very good in spots but not quite up to the standard set by "Blackbirds." (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited intimate revue, notable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—Marvellous to look at and fairly entertaining. Trixie Friganza and Jimmie Savo are in it. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Venice? Hardly. But you'll find typical Shubert revue numbers, broad comedy, the tumbling Michons, and Ted Healy. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—An uninspired stage-Cinderella story which you'll probably enjoy because of Jimmie Durante, Dorothy Stone, and Ziegfeld trimmings. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET ADELINE—The days of the Spanish-American War made into an entertaining vehicle for Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others. The score is by Jerome Kern. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—Dion Boucicault's veteran melodrama, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . You still have another week to see the revival of "The Black Crook," grandparent of the modern revue, at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Molly Picon will be at the Palace, Fri., Sept. 13. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Mr. White's annual show, with a cast that includes Willie and Eugene Howard, Frances Williams, and Jack White. Opens Mon., Sept. 16. (Apollo, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE SEA GULL—Tchekov's play, with Eva Le Gallienne and Jacob Ben-Ami. Opens Mon., Sept. 16. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:30 P.M.)

A STRONG MAN'S HOUSE—A play by Lee Wilson Dodd, with Mary Nash. Opens Mon., Sept. 16. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:50 P.M.)

ROPE'S END—A play by Patrick Hamilton, with an English cast. Opens Thurs., Sept. 19. (Masque, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

SCARLET PAGES—A play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, with Elsie Ferguson. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban's decorations and Leo Reisman's music. Dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Cool and attractive; Emil Coleman's orchestra during dinner and supper.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), redecorated as a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), a magnificent view and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brook-

(Continued on page 12)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	34
TEE AND GREEN	48
THE RACE TRACK	52
POLO	58
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	69
MUSICAL EVENTS	70
THE ART GALLERIES	82
LONDON LETTER	85
THE TENNIS COURTS	88
THE CURRENT CINEMA	91
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHIONS CABLE	94
FEMININE FASHIONS	94
AS TO MEN	99
RECENT BOOKS	103
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	106

THE NEW YORKER
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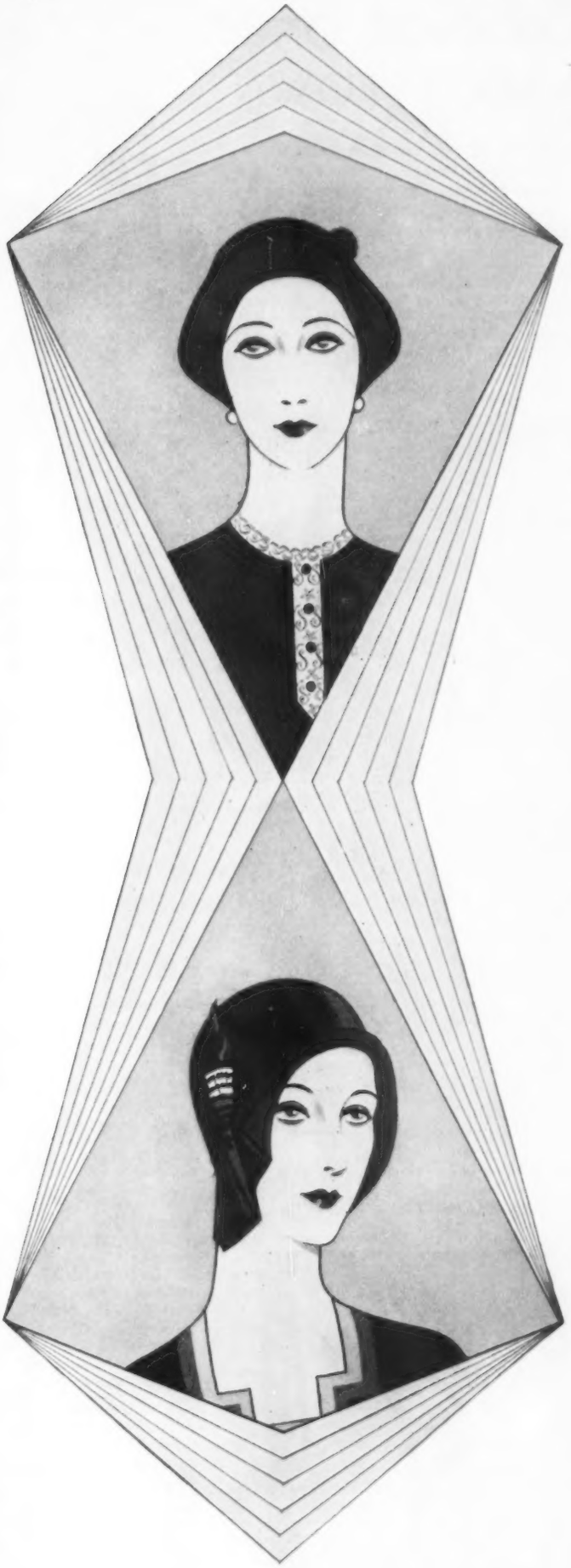
L. P. HOLLANDER CO., INC.

NEW YORK PARIS BOSTON



THE SECRET IS IN THE CROWN

HOLLANDER ORIGINATIONS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 10)

lyn (Main 8100), a fine view of the harbor. . . . Other roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, isn't a roof, but is usually cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the night clubs of this type are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with a roof that slides back on warm nights; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, where you will find Bobbe Arnst and Fred Keating entertaining.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14; and The Russian Bear, 201 2 Ave., are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few of the better-known roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246; dancing and refreshments on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., good food and Paul Whiteman's orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan's summer home; open all night.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

BIG TIME—Thanks to Lee Tracy, this straggling picture is an agreeable echo of "Broadway." (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Fri., Sept. 13; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—A diverting tale of various horrors, with especially good photography to heighten the effects, and Ronald Colman as the young hero. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

THE DANCE OF LIFE—The movie version, resplendent and effective, of the play "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—Worth while for a few fine African scenes. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—A spirited musical show with a backstage story, from the Avery Hopwood farce. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HALLELUJAH—All-negro picture, expertly done, of life in the cotton fields. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A full-sized musical show with half of Hollywood in the cast. A bit overwhelming, but entertaining. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU—Plenty of excitement, though slowed up by the talking effects. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 14-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WOMAN TRAP—Fair underworld picture about policemen and their little gangster brothers. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 19 and 20; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Cock Eyed World," the marines of "What Price Glory" at it again in a very funny comedy; "The Greene Murder Case," the second Van Dine mystery to be screened, and better than the book; "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," high comedy with Norma Shearer as the smart young second-story girl.

ART

IMPRESSIONISTS—The French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MIXED—Show of good American and foreign painters, the latter recent imports: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary American and European artists: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

TROUPERS—Laudable road show of American art on its way to the provinces to learn if the folks care about art: Now on view at the Gotham Galleries, 6 East 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MUSIC

FINE ARTS OPERA COMPANY—Tschaikowsky's "Pique-Dame" is announced as the first opera of the season at the Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave., Sat., Sept. 21, at 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., Sept. 14 and 21, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

GREATER CHICAGO BAND—Broadcast from Grant Park, Chicago: Sat. Eves., Sept. 14 and 21, at 9 P.M., over WJZ.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Red Widow:" Sun., Sept. 15, at 4 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Romberg's "Maytime," Act III: Fri., Sept. 20, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

GEORGE M. COHAN—Taking part in the program broadcast Sun., Sept. 15, at 8:15 P.M., over WJZ.

GRAND OPERA—"Cavalleria Rusticana:" Wed., Sept. 18, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

POPULAR MUSIC—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra: Tues., Sept. 17, at 9 P.M., over WABC. . . . Vincent Lopez and his orchestra: Thurs., Sept. 19, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Phil Ohman and Victor Arden, piano soloists, with orchestra: Thurs., Sept. 19, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

MOVIE STARS—Jeanne Eagels, Clive Brook, Charles Ruggles, Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane, and others, in Paramount-Publix broadcast: Sat., Sept. 21, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 13 and 14, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sun., Sept. 15, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), and Mon. through Wed., Sept. 16-18, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 19-21, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—The postponed bout between Victorio Campolo and Phil Scott, heavyweights, is announced for Wed., Sept. 18: Ebbets Field, Sullivan St. near Franklin Ave., Brooklyn; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take B. M. T.-Brighton Line train to Prospect Park.)

DOG SHOWS—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 14. . . . Ladies Kennel Association of America, Rye, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 21.

HORSE SHOWS—Far Hills Horse Show, Far Hills, N. J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 13 and 14. . . . Mineola Horse Show, Mineola, L. I., Wed. through Fri., Sept. 18-20. . . . National Polo Pony Show, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I., Sat., Sept. 21. . . . Greenwich Horse Show, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Sept. 21. . . . Smithtown Horse Show, Smithtown C. C., St. James, L. I., Sat., Sept. 21.

POLO—At Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I.: Open Championship final, Sands Point vs. Hurricanes, Sat., Sept. 14: Waterbury Cup, Wed. and Sat., Sept. 18 and 21; matches start at 4 P.M. (Special train leaves Penn. Sta. at 3 P.M.)

RACING—Belmont Park; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Men's National Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., semi-finals and finals, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 13 and 14. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 1:11, 1:33, and 2:07 P.M. Additional train Sat. only at 1:41 P.M.)

TRACK—New York Athletic Club Fall Meet: Travers Island, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 21, at 2:30 P.M.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Manhasset Bay Y. C., Port Washington, Sat., Sept. 14; City Island Y. C., Sat., Sept. 21.

OTHER EVENTS

AIR CIRCUS—Aerial acrobatics, parachute leaps, etc. Fun for the crowd: Roosevelt Field, L. I., every Sun. at 2 P.M. (Take L.I.R.R., Penn. Sta., to Mineola, or motor out Nassau Boulevard.)

NOTES—Quarterly income-tax payments are due Sept. 15. . . . Fall primaries, Tues., Sept. 17.

YOUTH *is not a matter of age...*

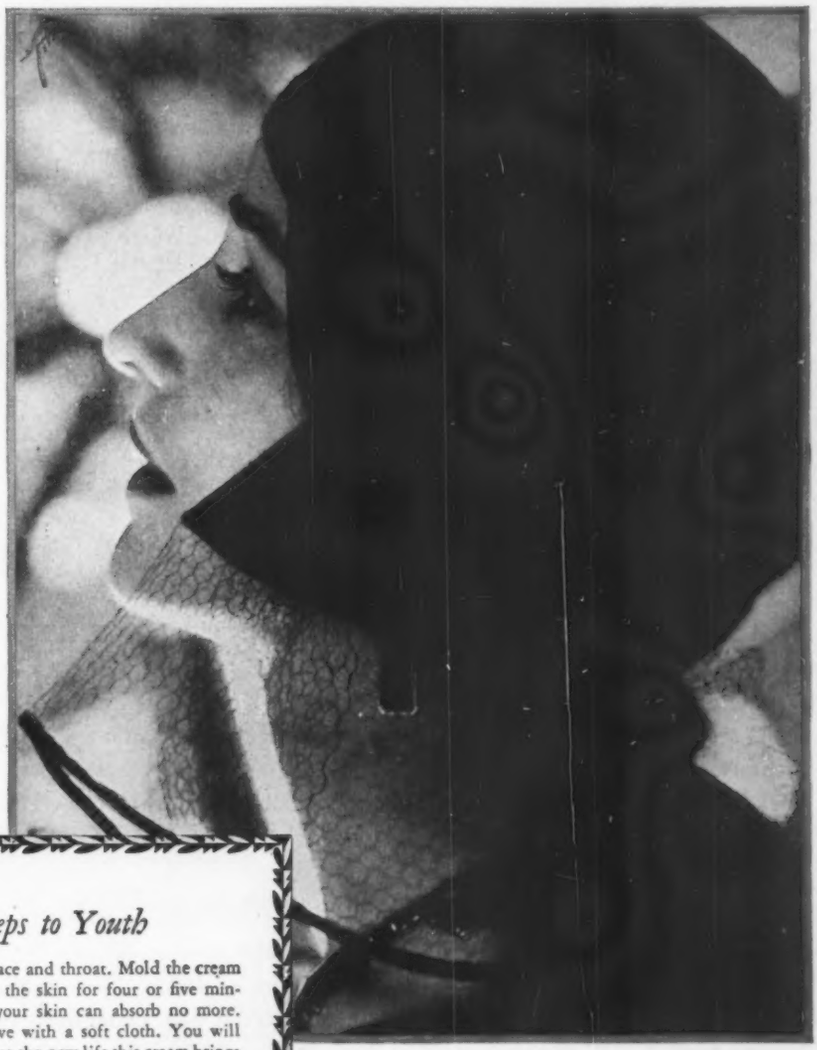
How to get at home the same marvelous results obtained in the famous Primrose House Salon

PRIMROSE HOUSE, the most famous beauty institute in the world, has worked out a simple scientific method of caring for the skin. This method which is so successful in the famous Primrose House Salon brings definite results and may easily be followed in your own home.

If you will buy the four Primrose House preparations, use them according to the famous Primrose Method described below, you will be able to detect a marked improvement in your skin in a few weeks' time.

Youth and beauty are not a matter of age. They depend upon the scientific care of the skin. The daily use of these preparations is all that the average woman requires to keep her complexion radiantly young.

Primrose House, 595 Fifth Ave., New York



Follow these four Primrose steps to Youth

1—Perfect cleansing is the first step to a beautiful skin. With a bit of absorbent cotton, squeezed out of cold water—or with the finger tips if you prefer—smooth Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream generously over the face and neck. Always begin at the base of the throat and with long, light strokes spread the cream upward over the face. Then remove with tissues or a soft cloth.

Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is the lightest of oil creams. It penetrates the film of natural oil that accumulates on the skin, takes up every particle of dust and make-up, and leaves the pores free so that the skin may breathe.

2—Now the skin is in a receptive condition for the second step—nourishing. To keep your skin vital, supple and unlined, once a day mold Primrose Smoothskin Cream over your face and throat. Mold the cream gently into the skin for four or five minutes until your skin can absorb no more. Then remove with a soft cloth. You will be amazed at the new life this cream brings to your skin.

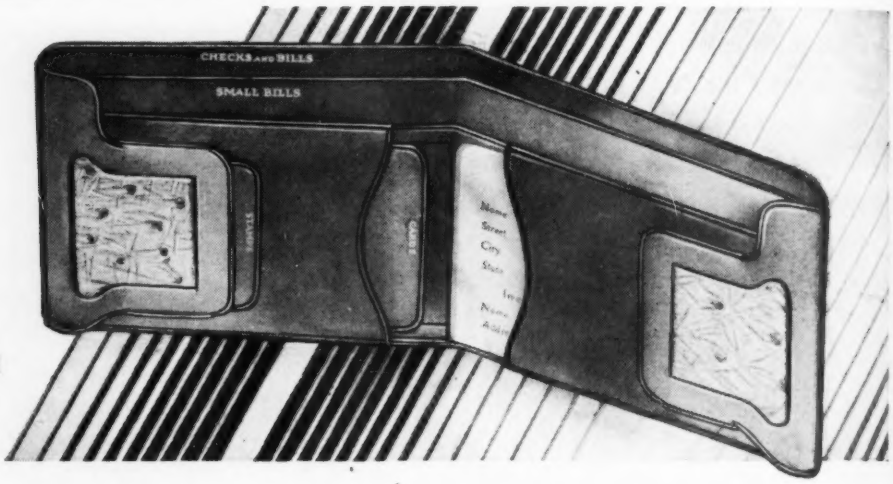
3—Now make a fresh pad of cotton and saturate it with Primrose Skin Freshener. Go over the face and throat with a brisk upward sweep. Skin Freshener is a mild, bracing and toning lotion that closes the relaxed pores and refines the skin texture.

4—And last—a bit of rouge, if you need it. Then finish with Primrose House Chiffon Powder—the most luxurious face powder you have ever known. It gives the skin a natural bloom that lasts for hours. Comes in seven smart shades—Beige, Brunette, Bisque, Orchid, Natural, Suntan and White.

PRIMROSE HOUSE

Here Dwells Youth

The "[YES" have it!



New Bill-Tainer an immediate success . . . Replaces old-fashioned bulky, bulging bill-watch. folds. . . Sleek as a fine Can't buckle, bulge or rip—

TO see it is to buy it! Few men can resist the Buxton Bill-Tainer. So sleek, so smart—the most modern pocket accessory a man ever carried.

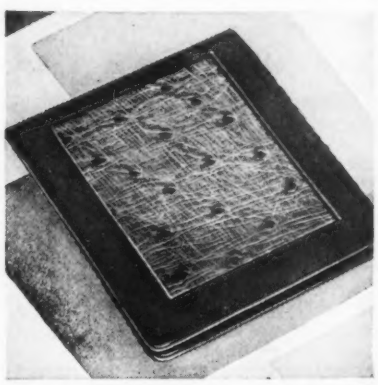
Picture its supreme convenience. Besides currency, it holds checks, cards, stamps, licenses—without buckling or bulging—without ripping or tearing! And small-size bills may be separated from the large-size. Cards are apart, in a special case. Stamps, too. And licenses are instantly visible on both sides, in a sliding window pocket.

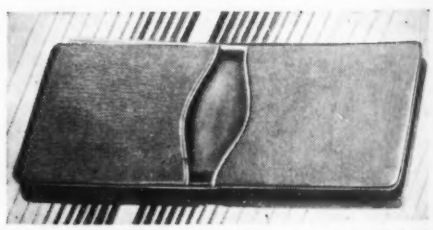
Bill-Tainer has no stitches. It's folded—not sewed. Thus it *can't rip*. It's definitely guaranteed to last as long as the leather. Replaced free if it gives way at any point. Good-looking? You don't know what a real thrill you have in store until you handle this masterpiece of Buxton craftsmanship.

Shown above is the exquisite Ostrich Inlay on finest calfskin—new—sleek—smart. Priced at $10. Other distinctive leathers from $3.50 up.

Ideal gifts—even to yourself!

If your dealer does not yet carry Bill-Tainers, write to Buxton, Inc., 406 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. In New York City, Telephone Wisconsin 5695.





THIS SIMPLIFIED FORM of the Bill-Tainer is *the smallest practical billfold that can be made.* Slips readily into a woman's handbag—or a man's vest or trousers pocket. Finished in many distinctive leathers. Priced from $2.00 upwards.

BUXTON BILL-TAINERS

Not a stitch to rip or tear

Dress and accessories from Stewart & Co.

P. S. IN THE LATEST STYLE BULLETINS FROM PARIS STANDS FOR PRINTED **SATIN** ...EMPHASIZED AND UNDERLINED AS THE VERY LAST WORD IN HIGH FASHION FOR EVENING. BOLD FLORAL PATTERNS ARE EQUALLY SMART, SO THAT IN STEHLI'S BRILLIANT COMBINATION OF THE TWO YOU WILL FIND A FABRIC OF THE UTMOST DISTINCTION...RICH...LUSTROUS...DRAPING...GLORIOUSLY COLORED AS A GARDEN.

Stehli Silks

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Introducing

Madame de Boor...

12 Bis Rue des Marronnieres

The most exclusive beauty service in the world comes from Paris to Saks-Fifth Avenue on September 30th. Treatments by appointment only.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME months ago we spoke of the possibility that electric welding might replace riveting in the erection of buildings. We spoke lightly. We were able to then. Now the riveters have moved in on us with their devilish machines. They are right next door and one of them is driving through the wall of our office now and will be at our head in twenty minutes. As we understand it, welding is not only silent but is cheaper and safer than riveting, and just as simple to do. The only things that stand in its way are the inexorable building code and the opposition of contractors, who all love a racket. Against the hell of air-driven torture machines the protesta-

tions and postures of Messrs. La Guardia and Walker mean less and less. We seek a man who will hold up his hand and command silence. Let either of them come out for welding and we will endorse him—if we can make ourself heard.

THE bars have been let down almost to the ground, as regards words that are admissible on the stage or in books. Almost any word can be uttered in polite society, or set in Caslon type. The fact is, we were beginning to get a trifle worried about so complete an emancipation, and were wondering if any institutions remained on the side of Puritanism, or even on the side of good taste. Really, it was with quite a feeling of relief that we learned, in a Western Union office, that we couldn't send the word "lousy" over the wires. Thanking our stars that the country was still respectable, we made an honest effort

to think of a synonym for "lousy," failed, and hurried over to a Postal office to dispatch the message.

OF late there has been a plague of advertisements showing people popping awake with maniac cheerfulness, grinning at clocks pointing to seven and falling to breakfast boisterously. The American civilization is based on silly romantic ideas and this is one of a particularly grating sort. The moment of awakening is the most depressing period of nonillusion in the entire day. Man has always had to drug himself awake with coffee, tea, whiskey, sops of wine, matins, and the body poisons generated by cold plunges. The damsel tripping joyously from bed to throw open a casement window is a Victorian figment. Greece collapsed because of the custom of deciding public policy in meetings held before noon. The laborer arises sodden; the businessman spends his mornings clutching at routine till he gets up energy enough to

go to lunch. All the early bird catches is a worm, and a bitter one. Mornings ought to be abolished and everybody knows it.

THERE are many ways of startling this old town out of its lethargic state. Up until yesterday we supposed we knew them all. We had chucked doormen under the chin; we had exploded a paper bag in the reading-room of the Library; we had driven the wrong way in a one-way street. Yesterday we learned that we had not even scratched the surface; in fact, we are willing to aver that no one has ever done anything amusing who has not approached the young man who sells cigarettes at the Ritz and asked him for Bull Durham. That is life.

A SHORT ferry ride from Manhattan there is a saloon whose proprietor has never changed his policy, even though the nation has changed its. Somehow it does us good to hear of such a person—whose dignity re-

mains unruffled in the face of a barbarous society. This man, before prohibition, held his employees to a strict adherence to national, state, and police laws; everything was highly orthodox. In those days the lights of his establishment were switched off promptly at midnight. They still are. And you still enter through swinging doors, unchallenged. The house still buys liberally, just as it always did. A sign, "Speakeasy," hangs over the bar. After all, there is nothing like a certain pride in one's chosen profession.

English Baseball

RING LARDNER has been at it again and has got things into a big mess at East Hampton. They had a ball-

game there, Fathers vs. Sons. Old Lardner came to bat in the third inning and bunted. The ball was fielded and thrown to first, a flawless play, and the runner was out a mile—or he would have been if he hadn't done something unexpected and ridiculous. Instead of running to first he ran to third, where he arrived breathless but pretty smugly satisfied with himself. This caused general excitement. Old Lardner was surprised when they told him he was out, that he shouldn't have run to third. He was sullenly obdurate when the whole Sons team mobilized from all quarters of the field and protested loudly in a body. He explained that he had learned the game in England and that there the batter ran to third when he had hit the ball. When it was bitterly pointed out that Long Island isn't England, Old Lardner made the point that no signs had been put up telling a runner which way to go—had they? This argument, supported by the runner's obvious intention of remaining on third base anyhow, proved unanswerable, except by muttering. The younger players retired to their positions and the game went on, but by glances they conveyed to Young Lardner that they held him responsible for having such a stubborn boob for a father. On the next pitched ball, Old Lardner stole second. This again surprised everybody but nothing was done about it. On the next ball he stole first. Here they made a play for him. If the catcher had been half a second quicker they would have had him out. This seemed somehow to legitimatize Old Lardner's being on base. At any rate nobody said anything, and he ran home when the new batter made a hit, passing the latter halfway between first and the plate. The game went on, but hard feeling cropped up from time to time; and it has since. None of his friends will speak to Young Lardner, Young Lardner won't speak to Old Lardner, and the situation generally is so disagreeable that the family may have to move somewhere else.

Husband's Reasons

A GENTLEMAN who depends on his wife to make his excuses picked up the telephone the other day and inadvertently received an invitation for a weekend with a family he wouldn't think of visiting. Caught thus, he had to struggle through the situation alone.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but I'm called to Cleveland for the air races and won't be back until next Tuesday."

"Then how about next weekend?" inquired the caller.

"I'm afraid that's out too," he said, and, thinking fast, went on, "Ah—we've got to go to a funeral a week from Sunday."

Anderson

IT was intended that John Murray Anderson, creator, most recently, of that pictorially successful show, "Almanac," start out to be a diplomat—in case you don't know about him. His father was a member of the Canadian Parliament, and was governmental-minded. He persuaded his son to study in Scotland to fit himself for a diplomatic career. On a vacation on the Continent John was overcome by an irrepressible urge to collect antiques. He collected a wagonload, mostly old pewter, using the proceeds of a small inheritance, and brought them to New York. That ended diplomacy. He set up an antique shop, and quickly failed. Broke, he took a job as chorus man, always having been able to dance. This led to his going into a cabaret act with Genevieve Lyon, a Chicago minister's daughter. They danced at Bustanoby's, and at Shanley's—where now stands the Paramount Theatre, scene of the skits (Publix), the arrangement of which has since provided Anderson with his most gainful occupation. In the cabaret days society matrons came to him for dancing lessons and advice on getting up parties. The late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish engaged him to arrange some of hers, notably that for the Duke of Manchester. Anderson was now getting his hand in at things he liked, but his wife's illness—he married Miss Lyon — forced her to go west and he went along. For months he travelled between Denver and Phoenix teaching dancing.

His wife died and he came back to New York. The war came along and he served in the American army, doing accounting. After the war he began to put on skits at the Palais Royal, for which he wrote the lyrics and James K. Hackett the music. A year later the two men presented the first "Greenwich Village Follies," which made Anderson. His genius for arranging lights, colors, dances, and costumes was allowed full swing and he began to create a number of memorable effects, particularly with lighting, such as the scene in one of the "Follies" where, by merely shifting the lights, an exterior was changed to an interior. Together with Robert Milton he started several years ago a school of dancing and dramatic art which, however, quietly dissolved recently despite the imposing list of names on the board of directors.

At work on a show, Anderson is temperamental. In rehearsals he gives all the cast nicknames, the better to shout orders at them. He never relies on nudes, preferring period costumes for his girls. He distrusts his sense of comedy. Some comedians annoy him, especially those that dress unkemptly. He was the first to use Benda masks in shows. Along Broadway he is known most widely as an expansive breakfast host in his lower Park Avenue apartment, which is crammed with bric-a-brac, colonial furniture, and one of the finest collections of pewter in the country. He adds continuously and recklessly to an immense and colorful wardrobe.

Splendide

FROM Philadelphia they report a pretty problem. After delicate and exhaustive researches into the stocking needs of American women, during which thousands were measured, it was found that the stocking needs could be divided into four great classes. So far as size is concerned, that is. The Brown Durrell Company, one of the oldest stocking concerns there is, did the investigating and finding, and made the decision to group their output into four classes, according to proportions. Then they had to name the classes. There lay the difficulty. The first, or trimmest class, was easy—they called it Petite. Next size was named Princess

—noncommittal enough—and the size above that Regal, also considered safe. That left the—ah—largest-size limb. Well, they thought about it a lot; you ask for Splendide.

Amenity

WHEN a fireman's hat blows off during a run to a fire, what they do is stop the fire-engine. This happened in Fifth Avenue last week. One of the firemen hanging on the back of a plunging engine lost his helmet in the wind. All the firemen yelled at the driver. He stopped. When the hat was recovered, the engine was off again, screaming and roaring. Not a rule, just an old tradition of the department.

Der Champion

THE excitement has died down and the Bremen can now slip into port with not much more fuss than an ordinary ship. The day we visited it few visitors were aboard. This gave those who were a better chance to look around and take removable things for souvenirs before they were all picked over. One woman whom we saw quite a bit of took a handsome, if inexpensive, nickel key such as is used to lock a porthole cover or a second-class cabin door. We learned that signs in German are pretty hard to get now, owing to vigilance on the part of the crew. So many were twisted off the walls during the liner's first stay here that the company is taking no more chances.

One small detail of the great steamer impressed us more than anything else. This is a system of trick maps of the ship's insides, painted on glass and resting on tables at handy points on all decks. A tiny light glows, marking the spot where one is standing when looking at the map. Push-buttons ranged alongside the map are marked "Ballroom," "Swimming Pool," etc., and if you want to get to one of these places without blundering around with the possibility of winding up in the engine-room, you simply push the button marked, say, "Swimming Pool," and not only does the spot in which the pool is located light up on the map, but the best route to it also. This device takes the edge off the most ingenious conception of the Ile de France, namely, the small niche at the head of each bed to hold one's watch and keep it from slithering around.

As everyone knows by this time, the Bremen is spacious, fast, has an airplane that can be shot off the top deck, and is modernistic, but not pugnaciously so. Nothing flies up and hits you in the face, unless it is the slippery corridor. On no other ship do so much soaping and holystoning go on when in port. True, the writing-room and the library may be a bit obtrusive because of mottoes and sayings inscribed on them in a loud-voiced sort of way. The library has twenty panels, each containing an inscription in a different language. The writing-room walls, on the other hand, take up only English. They contain, among other things, a wisecrack by Mark Twain, a maxim of Aaron Burr, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Laugh and the world laughs

"I had the strangest dream last night."

with you," the last thing a sea-sick person would want to see, perhaps, except the impressive oil of Hindenburg, scowling, at the turning of a main staircase, or the great wood carvings on the walls of the main lounge which, as nearly as one can make out, show men getting into lifeboats.

The real lifeboats of the ship, by the way, are swung high up out of one's uneasy line of vision, work electrically, and are described by guides as infallible.

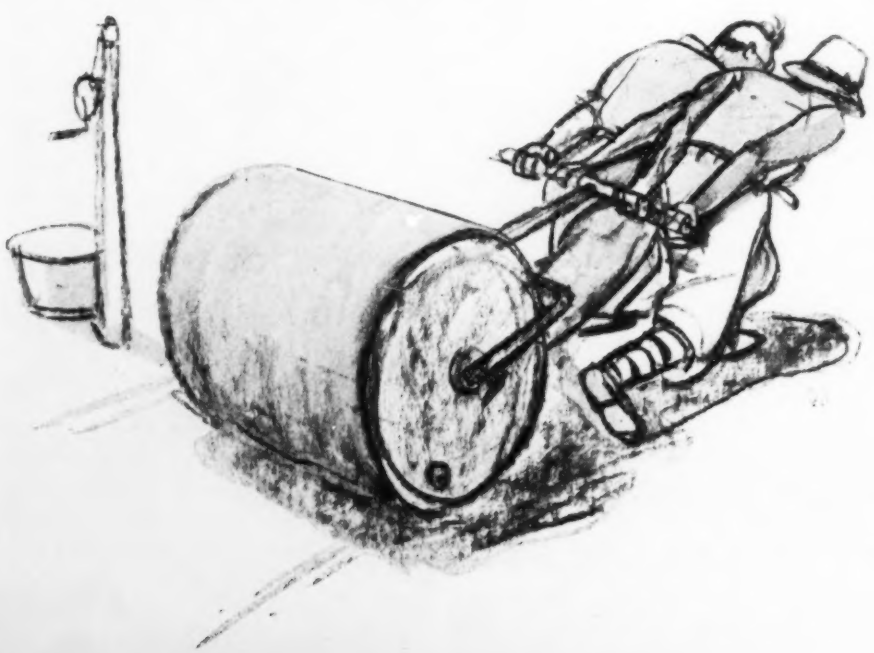
•

IN many places in Connecticut they have trouble keeping servants because of the distance from the movies, etc., especially colored servants. One matron of a household thought to win the loyalty of her latest maid by making her presents. She gave her a Victrola for her room and new records, books, and, recently, a gray dress. This, however, was rejected by Hydrangea. "I cain't wear gray," she said. "Makes me look sallow."

Women and Pipes

OUR item on cigar humidors has brought further facts about smoking from a gentleman in the industry who attends directors' meetings. He says cigar smoking has fallen off dreadfully in the past few years—and everyone knows it—but that few people are aware to what an extent the pipe is also the victim of the cigarette. Pipe sales, he informs us, dropped twenty-five per cent in the last fiscal year and pipe tobacco suffered more than for any time in twenty years. This is considered alarming and was unlooked-for, despite the heavy cigarette advertising.

The Lucky Strike campaign did it. It made a big impression on the women, many of whom started smoking. Crystallizing an objection of long standing, they "killed" the cigar on the grounds that it smelled up curtains, draperies, the whole house, and so on. Then they continued their attack on the pipe on the ground that it isn't smart. Anyway, the tobacco men think that's what the women think, and they think also that the fact that women are strictly cigarette smokers has a big influence too. When with the ladies, men smoke cigarettes, and get out of the habit of smoking anything else. Moreover, they cannot take a pipe to the dinner table. Some years ago the pipe makers tried to bring this about in a vague way by means of familiar slogans signed by various women notables, such as "I like to see a man smoke a pipe," but it didn't work. Most of the tobacco people were content to let the pipe slide and get in on the rising cigarette market, but now some pipe and smoking-tobacco manufacturers are planning a counterattack. They are at the moment feverishly devising a way of putting the pipe in better repute. Shortly one company will begin running ads portraying young men of elegance in evening dress smoking pipes. One thing, the old Jimmy-pipe type of poster seems to have gone out and no longer will men be shown with their feet up, smoking, sometimes in their shirtsleeves.



Point of Art

SOME Americans were standing in front of the Chartres Cathedral when a fellow countrywoman, sightseeing alone, came and stood near them. For several moments she was motionless and silent, and one might have thought she was drinking in the cathedral's beauty. Suddenly she turned to one of the group. "What," she asked with enthusiasm, "do you suppose that church weighs?"

Spare That Name

IT became necessary, an engineer informs us, to invent a contrivance to prevent people listening in on transatlantic telephone calls; so one was invented. It is known as a "sound-scrambler" and it operates to distort conversations into horrible sounds, meaningless to all but the persons at each end of the connection. We got only a general idea of the thing, but enough to understand an incident which attended its first demonstration, before the Engineers' Club, or some such body. The man who was explaining it would shout a word or phrase into the machine and only a tangle of sound would come out. The word "telephone" turned to "wogglebliek." The demonstrator asked his listeners to suggest some words to be scrambled. One of them called out

"Lindbergh." This brought about a pause on the part of the demonstrator. After thinking for some moments he said, "In view of the high esteem and great respect in which Colonel Lindbergh is held, in view of what he has done, I do not think . . ." The hound who had suggested the idea hastily substituted Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, and the explanation went on.

Waggeries of the Day

IT was Mr. Charles MacArthur who said, of one of the scions of one of the best North Shore families, that he was studying to be a moron. We couldn't learn who remarked, with a sigh, "I'm captain of my soul now, but I had more fun when I was cabin boy." It was a wag in the Kelly-pool game at the Players' Club who confided that he knew a tight-rope walker who had started on a shoestring. It was Bugs Baer who met on the street a fellow journalist, a lady who has made a big success going here and there and reporting snappy gossip of the upper classes for one of the newspapers. "Is it true," he asked, "that you have just signed a five-year contract at double your old salary?" She admitted gleefully that it was. "My, my," said Mr. Baer, "I should think they would insure you for a million dollars against deafness."

New Chinatown

WE learn from a real-estate man who does business in Chinatown that the neighborhood is changing in many ways. For one thing, it is expanding. But for Italian opposition it would now brim out along Mulberry Street opposite Columbus Park. One grim Italian widow is the principal opposition to the advance now. She is holding out for a stiff price for a tenement she owns. The Orientals have already offered twenty thousand over the assessed valuation. They usually, in acquiring a building, pay above the normal market price and then spend more in buying up and compromising leases. When they move in they multiply the number of tenants, but American influence is being felt, and they do not live as compactly as they once did. In fact, although Chinatown is greater in area now than ever, its population is smaller. Too, there are signs of a more complete community life. The Chinese Charitable & Benevolent Association, which is supported not only by local Chinese but by the Nanking government, is starting a school this fall, by taking over and restoring an old public school in Mott Street. Ten graduates of American colleges will instruct the children of Chinatown in reading and writing their parents' native language and in the history and literature of China. It is the first school of its kind ever attempted here. Also, a Chinese mortician has set up in business, challenging two Occidentals who have always handled all of Chinatown's funerals, and two women, the sisters Wong, have set up a beauty parlor, the first down there. They are doing considerable business. Miss Alice Wong is a graduate of a New York high school and has attained delightful mastery in the use of the American word "yeah." The younger set of Chinatown is bobbing its hair and demanding marcels, permanent waves, and eyebrow packs. The Garbo bob is popular. The Wong sisters have an ambition to open a shop in some Chinese city, having heard that the beauty-culture business is booming in the new China.

Battles Long Ago

AN aged but still blustery old colonel, who lives in Richmond, has been visiting his niece here, and talking about war. While he talks about the Civil War mostly, he also engages to straighten out problems connected with the World War. Occasionally he confuses the two. Recently, at dinner, when someone mentioned sunburn, he managed to turn even that subject to warfare. This is easy for him. "Our government," said the old warrior, "used artificial tan during the late war to deceive the enemy. Troops were painted with the stuff to make the Germans believe they were facing southerners, suh, bronzed by the vigorous life of the South and imbued with the spirit at which all the world wondered in 1863." "But," inquired someone, slyly, "what happened when the Germans discovered the deception?" The old fire-eater was equal to this. He sat up very erect. "Then, suh," he said, "the Richmond Blues were called upon to stem the rout!"

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Why dontcha make a suggestion—like they do at the Ritz?"

NOW THAT YOU'RE TANNED—WHAT?

TO the casual crawler over rocks and beaches this summer, if he was at all social-minded, must have come the thought: "To what end all this epidermis-toasting? What is to become of all these sun-tanned backs when winter comes?" The entire Atlantic Coast, from Maine to September, as well as what Mirabeau called "*le bord de la mer*" of the Continent, has been outlined with a fringe of bodies lying prone in the sun patiently awaiting pigmentary alteration. If I were to be given one question on the subject it would be "And for what?"

It isn't as if the process were an easy one to undergo. If you are really going in for tanning every square inch of your body you have got to give yourself over to it as old Simeon Stylites gave himself over to flag-pole sitting. You have got to forswear your friends, your comfort, your meals, and become a tanner. Anyone who has tried to engage a tanner in conversation during this period will realize that he or she might just as well be counted out as far as social intercourse goes. Even if they hear you, they won't answer, either because their mouths are too full of sand or their throats are resting on a rock or simply because they are concentrating so hard on absorbing every one of the sun's rays that they just don't care.

Then, too, there has come into play an added tanning agent in the form of unguents and oils of various kinds. These have to be applied before getting into the oven and some friend has to be called in to get the stuff well smeared over the small of the back. In places where sand is the geological basis, this process results in a general coating over the calves of the legs and elbows resembling that detected on children's chins in day-coaches after the oranges have been passed around. This coating is not washed off by bathing and has been known to stick until the salad course at dinner that night. There are people who do not mind having small particles of sand on their elbows and the calves of their legs rubbing against their clothing. I, thank God, am not one of these, and none of my people before me have ever been.

As this article is dealing only with the personal discomfort to the tanners themselves, we will say nothing of the trails of oil on the surface of the water left by swimmers who have anointed themselves before entering, giving the place the appearance of a cove on the East River at Twenty-third Street. We *would* mention this, however, if we were taking up the effects of tanning on the community in general.

VERY well, then. We have seen that a lot of people have been lying around on their stomachs and hips all summer, with their bathing suits pulled down and up, cut off from their friends, sustaining rock bruises and sand-rash, hurting their eyes and softening the backs of their necks, and all in order to change color on parts of their bodies which, with civilization as petty as it is today, nobody is ever going to see.

Of course, the ladies can display their backs in evening gowns, but, with every woman in the room displaying a brown back, the excitement is going to be somewhat lessened. Even the economist's Theory of Conspicuous Waste will not work in this case, for a brown back is no sign that its owner has had the leisure to acquire it at the shore. She may have got it by fifteen minutes a day under a lamp or by the careful application of powder that very evening. In the early fall social affairs it is going to be the lady with the lily-white shoulders who is the sensation.

But it is the gentlemen who really should begin now to plan what they are going to do this fall to make up for all the trouble they took during the summer to change color. Aside from a certain pride in showing themselves on the beach and having ladies say, "Honestly, Jimmy, I thought from the back that you were a negro," theirs must be a short-lived satisfaction. Presumably by September 20 they will all have their clothes on again, unless they demonstrate reducing-machines in drugstore windows for a living. At social functions they must appear in formal evening dress, eager to say to the young lady of their choice, "Would you like to see my back?," but prevented by such convention as still remains in polite society. As they look in their mirror each morning and watch the work of an entire summer blushing unseen and gradually fading away without causing even so much as an "O-o-o-h, how *brown* you are!," they are going to begrudge the hours they spent with their mouths in the sand or digging their hips into rocks just to do a Narcissus during the winter.

There are one or two ways in which young gentlemen with left-over tans can make use of them, but I am not sure whether or not they are practical. One would be to go to every dance during the winter dressed as a Greek slave and say, as you enter: "Oh, I thought it was to be fancy-dress!" Then, even if you are put out, a lot of people will have seen you and remarked on how brown you are even though evidently stewed. After going to several dances like this, they may get used to you and let you come in and play around. Another would be to invite guests to your house to dinner and while they are assembled waiting for you to appear, dash in dressed in your underclothes, dashing right out again in simulated confusion, saying: "For Heaven's sake, why don't you let a fellow know you're here!" In case they might not have had time to see your tan, you can trip and fall, taking quite a time to get up. Or perhaps the best way of all would be, no matter where you are, just to say: "I would now like to show you the tan I got last summer" and simply take your clothes off to the point where it isn't funny any more.

NEXT summer, however, things will probably be different, and we shall see men and women sitting around under great umbrellas with draperies hung over their faces and bodies leaving just holes to see through. It won't make any difference to me either way, as I usually stay indoors during the summer anyway and very seldom take my clothes off in the winter.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

IN A LOUD VOICE WITH THE TONGUES OF ANGELS

BY dead reckoning, it will be another six months before the talkies are officially recognized as a public utility. The progress of all great inventions in America runs the same course. They begin as novelties, then become conveniences, then pests, then menaces. As soon as a thing becomes a menace, the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Legislature steps in to give it a license and to make it a public utility.

The way to distinguish a public utility is this: you discover whether the public has any chance against it; if the public has no chance whatever, it is a public utility. The telephone is a public utility about which there can be no mistake. You think, perhaps, that you can do what you like with the phone, but the truth is the other way round. Try, as I have done, to get the company to give you a little switch to shut off the buzzer. Try for eight years. With persistence equal to yours, the company answers that they have promised all their subscribers in the United States and Canada that they can call you up at any hour of the day and night. They brush aside your protests that no one in Canada and almost no one in the United States (except three hundred salesmen and solicitors and two friends who want you to go on a canoeing trip) wants to call you up. When I put in an extension, the company gave me a switch cutting off one of the two buzzers; if you put in ten extensions, they will give you nine switches (at a price, of course); but one buzzer must sound! And it's no use having a private or unlisted wire. The canoeing enthusiasts are always the first to find it out. The other expedient, to stuff cotton into the box, constitutes "tampering" and is illegal. That is another mark of a public utility—whatever you want to do to it, like putting cotton in the buzzer or slugs in the subway turnstiles, is illegal.

"Stand over by the statue more. Let's make this one kind of artistic."

THE talkies are bound to enter the high sphere of the telephone and the radio; merely to preserve their self-respect they'll do it. On any question of our pronunciation against the talkies', the advantage is with them; they may not speak better, but they speak more. And it is perfectly clear that as soon as they become masters of the situation, and somebody obligingly passes a law making attendance at the talkies obligatory, we'll talk as the talkies do, and like it.

In the first place we will have an enormous simplification of vocabulary, which will be sheer gain, because people use too many words now and our speech should be standardized, in accordance with sound principles of production.

Then the talkies will proceed to establish a new phonetic system. Ten years from now when, instead of classes in reading and spelling, our tots go for an hour of the talkies, they will teach their elders a thing or two about speech. It's baffling enough now when youngsters brought up in modern schools spell cat "kee, ah, tay." But when they will troop in shouting, very loud, "Mah-hamah, Aoh oount maoh dinnah!," where will we be? A few years later when they park their automatically stabilized airplanes for a bit

of love-making, they will say, in a low bellow, "You ah the swuheetest thing in the oourld," and the answer will be "Just you and Aoh, all alone, awahay from the noise of it ahl," in a soft girlish soprano just barely loud enough to carry a city block, or from the screen to the top seat of the balcony.

It will not help us much to tell them that the talkies aren't really loud, but resonant. By that time Cecil B. de Mille will have filmed the Old Testament complete, and the story of Moses seeking God in the tempest and the storm will come to a climax in the "still small voice" roaring and reverberating all over Roxy's.

FOR the moment, however, the talkies are in a sort of half-way position; they are not sure of themselves, and some of the time they are trying to imitate *us*; but as soon as they get the upper hand, we'll have to imitate them. Today, for instance, when you say that a man has "a hard, metallic voice" you are describing the villain; next year, under the ministrations of the talkies, the same phrase will conjure up the image of John Gilbert. You will overhear conversations on the top of the Fifth Avenue bus: "And baby, his voice! Has it got *'them'*? It makes me go funny all over—it's *exactly* like a phonograph!"

The triumph of the talkies will come not in England, where we will have a hard fight on our hands, but in France. To be sure, the American talkie will not be a public utility in England; the British are probably going to subsidize their own — perhaps with their finer sense of linguistics they will call them "phonies." But so long as we make more and better talkies, we'll continue to fight down "shedule" and the accent of Philo Vance. The talkies will succeed in spite of the stubbornness of the British—it is inevitable. But the French, who imagine themselves immune, are going to find themselves in a pretty state. It is high time that the American pronunciation of French words became standard, and what half a million tourists a year have failed to do, out of sheer modesty, the talkies can and will do. It is ridiculous for the French to go on saying "*combien*" when everyone knows that since the Great War Americans have found infinite amusement in saying "come bean;" not to speak of the traditional joke about Looie Quince. If America is presenting to the world so revolutionary and sublime an achievement as the talkie, it is only fair that the French should make a few friendly gestures in return. Of course, a few "patriots" will make a fuss and *Le Temps* will have editorials about the speech of Voltaire and Bossuet and the Comédie-Française; but two of these are dead and the Comédie is going into the talkies, and if we prefer to say "show-fur" and "dee looks," it's not generous of the French to stick to their own private pronunciation. Aren't we going to let them hear Clara Bow's own voice saying "It"?

TWO classes of outsiders remain to be considered. Regrettably a few aesthetes, bought by Soviet gold, insist on remaining loyal to the silent movies. The Department of Justice will get after them, as soon as the talkie is made a servant of the public, and their only way of escape will be to pretend to be deaf and dumb. The other group is the ventriloquists. These people have by long practice learned to throw their voices, so that they approximate the technique of the talkie, the voice coming from the upper right-hand corner of the screen instead of from the mouth of the speaker. At first you would assume that ventriloquists would naturally become secretaries of state and governors and public officials generally, as soon as the talkies get into their stride. The trouble is that ventriloquists have no resonance. So the hog-caller of Kansas will remain undisputed as the national American type.

—GILBERT SELDES

"Yes, we'll take the apartment."

THE FIRST TRIP

Miss Sloop, who has just returned from one of the brisker tours of France and Italy, is invited for tea with a small group of peculiarly estimable ladies who believe that foreign travel is a wonderful thing. She arrives a little late, but serene in the consciousness of a new Paris dress and her ability to speak with authority of a surprising number of important cities. She is greeted by her hostess with a faintly edged cordiality suggesting that she might as well have been on time.

Hostess (*almost as though explaining why Miss Sloop was asked to the party*)—This dear child has just come back from her first thrilling trip to Europe. (*Miss Sloop, unable to think of a good answer, simpers faintly.*)

Hostess (*a great reader of the exuberant school of travel books*)—I am sure it was all a marvellous adventure and that she is going to tell us something about it.

Miss Sloop (*pitifully inadequate*)—Well, it was simply lovely.

Mrs. Braithwaite (*very spiritual in a sheer black dress which makes Miss Sloop feel that her own little costume has suddenly gone Montmartre*)—How glorious to be young and making one's first visit to Paris! Did you wander, as I used to do, along the *quais* and the old streets of the Quartier?

Miss Sloop (*who spent only ten days in Paris and unfortunately did most of her wandering in the company of a pleasant but worldly-minded young man from Cleveland*)—No, I'm afraid I didn't.

Hostess—I hope, my dear, that you had the opportunity to meet some Really Delightful French people.

Miss Sloop (*hopefully*)—Well just show-people and—uh—taxi-drivers. (*Finding the frying pan a little uncomfortable and diving gracefully into the fire*) But I met some very pleasant Americans.

Hostess (*with a glance at Miss Sloop, who is not turning out so well as had been expected*)—The trouble with many of the Americans one meets abroad is that they are just the ordinary tourist type, interested in sightseeing and in going to cafés and night clubs. (*Miss Sloop writhes imperceptibly, spilling her tea, which is luckily quite cold.*)

Mrs. Braithwaite (*very kindly offering her a sandwich and a chance to redeem herself*)—I want you to tell me all the beautiful things you *did* do in Paris.

Miss Sloop (*with a desperate piety that would astound her former travelling companions*)—We had such a beautiful day visiting the Madeleine and Sacré Cœur and the Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame—

Mrs. Braithwaite—Of course you saw that exquisite view of Notre Dame from the Ile Saint Louis with that perfect *flèche* stabbing the sky—

Miss Sloop (*her morale crumbling*)—No—I—I don't remember it.

Mrs. Arkwright (*alert, spectacled, and a born disciplinarian*)—Miss Sloop, please tell us all about the present political situation in Italy. What do the people really think of Mussolini?

Miss Sloop (*deeply regretting that the nice Italian officer she met on the train seemed to take so little interest in talking politics*)—Why—er—I thought they rather liked him.

"I drifted a long while, Bill, before I really found myself."

O. SOGLOW

Mrs. Arkwright (*with a glance indicating that she finds Miss Sloop far from intelligent*)—When I was in Italy last year I asked myself how long an independent people—

Listening humbly, Miss Sloop learns a good deal which, owing to the fact that she does not belong to Mrs. Arkwright's section of the Woman's Club, seems entirely new. She wishes bitterly that she could find a way to let Mrs. Arkwright know that in some respects she herself is considered normally bright.

Hostess (*who does belong to the Woman's Club, and has been growing restive*)—Speaking of Rome, do you remember those delicious ices at Catelli's?

Mrs. Braithwaite—There is a fascinating old place near the Lung' Arno where the chicken—

Mrs. Arkwright—Italian cooking is *not* what it was before Mussolini—

There is an interval during which it becomes clear that these ladies have eaten largely and with the finest discrimination both in France and Italy. Miss Sloop, her morale a complete ruin, wonders whether she dares mention her own modest preference for lobster thermidor at Prunier's. Wishes she had thought to do a little outside reading before coming to this dandy party. Wishes she had at least glanced through a good foreign cookbook. Reflects that if she doesn't say something pretty soon they'll begin to think that she hasn't been to Europe at all.

Mrs. Braithwaite (*gracefully lifting the conversation to a slightly higher level*)—Miss Sloop, I wonder whether you remember that gorgeous banquet scene by Veronese—

Miss Sloop (*perfectly sure that she doesn't, but feeling that there are times when the truth is of no real use to anybody*)—I wonder—

Mrs. Arkwright (*a friend in need, but she doesn't know it*)—I'm afraid I *must* go. I'm giving a little talk tonight—

Hostess (*with the usual mixture of regret, relief, and old-fashioned southern hospitality*)—Surely you're not all going?

Mrs. Braithwaite (*justly famous for her tact and delicacy*)—It was so nice of you, Miss Sloop, to tell us all about your delightful first trip abroad. —Alice Frankforter

KILLING TWO HEADS WITH ONE BOWLER

OF ALL THINGS

THE close of the vacation season will bring no sorrow to the statesmen and journalists who have spent weekends with Mr. Hoover. In Washington a person can confer with the President in a nice way, without being set to carrying rocks for a dam.

•

The umpire behind the plate at the Polo Grounds is now equipped with a microphone. Thus far the reception has been good and the news terrible.

•

The *Times*, which is pretty accurate, though a newspaper, refers to Dr. Willing, the golfer, as a "painstaking dentist."

•

It is now revealed that the Custom House has been overcharging returned travellers for years by assessing goods at retail instead of wholesale prices. It will be a blow to our amateur smugglers to learn that they have been more sinned against than sinning.

•

Henry Ford has vastly increased his daily output of statements, interviews, and solutions of problems. It only goes to show what can be done by standardization and mass production.

•

The first attempt to counterfeit the new currency resulted in ludicrous failure. The product resembled real money only in that it would not buy much of anything.

•

The vice president of Macy's says that college graduates seeking employment are lacking in good taste. A job, we helpfully add, is not only bad form but it practically ruins one's forenoons.

•

The Union League Club is building a house in Park Avenue. It is comforting to know that Park Avenue traffic will soon be watched by able and experienced watchers.

•

England is congratulating Snowden over the shrewd bargain he made at The Hague. As far as we know, the name of Shylock has not even received honorable mention.

•

Commissioner Whalen tells Major Campbell that the government must enforce its own dry laws hereabouts. Prohibition, he feels, is a yokel, not a local, issue.

•

A psychologist at the Yale conference says that a slight noise is better to work by than complete silence. If this is true, the current municipal campaign sounds about right.

•

Professor Terman of Leland Stanford sent a paper to the psychology congress to the effect that women rule the minds of their husbands. The professor did not come to New Haven in person, having been detained by something, or somebody.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"The Professor won't be long—just make yourself at home."

• •

CITIES

When the wind blows like this,
I remember the windy port,
Montevideo (This is
Not poetry; I was there
Six years ago, in the sunlight,
In the bows of a fine ship,
And the work didn't matter.)

What is there about cities
That we cannot forget them?
I saw faces there I had seen
Elsewhere seven thousand miles
North; afterwards, in London,
In Paris, also, I saw them,
And there were certain streets the same.

If you would have peace,
Forego the foreign cities;
Winds blow from their streets
Into my mind, my heart knows it,
And I remember them all
By a trick of wind, by faces,
By gulls on the waterfront.

—CHARLES NORMAN

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

FIRES UNDER THE MELTING POT

TOO many of us kids the lower East Side was a homeland bordered on one side by a desert, so far as a boy could see anything of interest there, and on all other sides by alluring foreign parts. Within our borders dwelt we, the Chosen People; a bit jammed, it was true, in teeming tenements, nevertheless the only hierarchy we kids acknowledged. Separated from us sometimes only by the width of a street lived tribes of more or less hostile barbarians and savages: blonde or black, yellow or swarthy; Chinese, Italians, Greeks, Syrians, and some races we could not even name. Their gesticulations looked alarming. Incredible that the sounds they uttered and the lettering on their shop windows should be a human language! Their very fruits and vegetables were freaks. In their streets full of strange clamor they sometimes held religious festivals under bowers of many-colored lights. And who knows what mysterious life went on behind the frowning walls of their tenements? . . . For us, therefore, travel abroad and exploration were within easy reach, not without their hazards, and altogether alluring.

The desert was to the north of us, monotonous miles of humdrum city it took us an hour to traverse on roller-skates. It was the heavenly breath and greenery of Central Park that lured us to make the long journey and endure the supercilious blank stare of moneyed Uptown, to which we retorted with ribaldry.

Within sight of our homes, to the south and east of us, lay the seaboard land of the East River and the docks. Here were vast plazas of play-space where one could achieve real baseball, not as we kids had to play it, cramped by narrow streets and small backyards, and interrupted by street cars, trucks, pedestrians, shopkeepers, janitors with brooms, policemen and, worst of all, mothers who, when the bases were full, thought nothing of yanking the batter out of the game to send him off for ten cents' worth of soap or a gallon of kerosene. Whereas on the waterfront, traffic was light, and janitors, policemen, and mothers were far away.

Here too came ships from all the world and unloaded many cargoes. The piers were redolent with the dust of spices. Sailors of strange races and longshoremen manhandled straw-covered bales and boxes stencilled over with hieroglyphics. Sometimes a plethoric sack would dribble walnuts and the roustabouts would be too busy to notice the leak.

In the summer when our home streets were hot and clammy, on the riverfront salt breezes blew and there was the glittering river itself to swim in. That the water was full of sewage was merely an academic question; did not the city itself place floating free baths there?

ALL these delights would have been our daily fare—were it not for the natives of this land, the wild Irish; and woe to the Semitic face that ventured unguarded into their territory! The only one of us who for a time was exempt from attack there was small Benny Pincus. His own mother called him Bum because from the first day he learned to walk—he *would* learn earlier than most kids—he used to toddle away. Though only a runt in size, by the time he was five the police stations of three precincts got to know him, he turned up lost so often. As his legs and wind strengthened, his insouciant wanderings extended until the docks caught and held his fancy. So long as he still wore the sexless garb of the toddler no one on the riverfront troubled him except when he would wander up a ship's gangplank or got tangled in the legs of longshoremen on a rush job. But as soon as he put on kneepants and thereby lost his status as a non-combatant the young of the wild Irish regarded his trespass differently. The first time thereafter that he showed up at the docks he came home minus kneepants and everything but grimy skin and a bloody nose.

When sweltering midsummer made our tenements uninhabitable we kids made up a small army and, marching down to the foot of Clinton Street, invaded the land of the Irish. Not a native was in sight. With whoops of joy we raced to the docks, stripped, and dived or scrambled down into the water. In the tumult of our delight we did not hear signal whistles go up and down the waterfront.

Suddenly from the east and the west there swooped down upon us two armies of young Irish, reinforced by older brothers. Into the water went our clothing—or as much of it as the Micks did not fancy for themselves. To add injury to insult, they pelted us with stones, débris, and our own shoes.

Somehow we managed to get our forces on land again and the battle that followed is probably without its like in history. Certainly many a nose dates part of its shape back to that battle. And the agony of having to fight naked and on cobbles baked by midsummer heat!

Finally the tumult and the shouting came even to the ears of a policeman and single-handed he waded into that race war with his long locust club. In his hands it became an overwhelming argument for peace. Our enemy fled and the policeman induced a passing iceman to take our scantily clad army home in his covered wagon.

Never again did we invade the riverfront without ample rear-guard provision. To this day a riverfront, no matter where, has for me the tang of the forbidden.

SOUTHWEST of us was Chinatown. We felt sure that a different sun and mysterious stars must shine on China. Yet there it was at our very doorstep. Some of its pioneers even lived in our midst pretending to want only to do our laundry. But from our reading, say, "The Boy Sleuth in Chinatown; or In the Den of the Yellow Devils," and from what we told each other, we knew that even the gentlest smiling Chinaman probably belonged to a secret society, worshipped dragons, carried about him

mysterious death-dealing weapons, and of course ate mice.

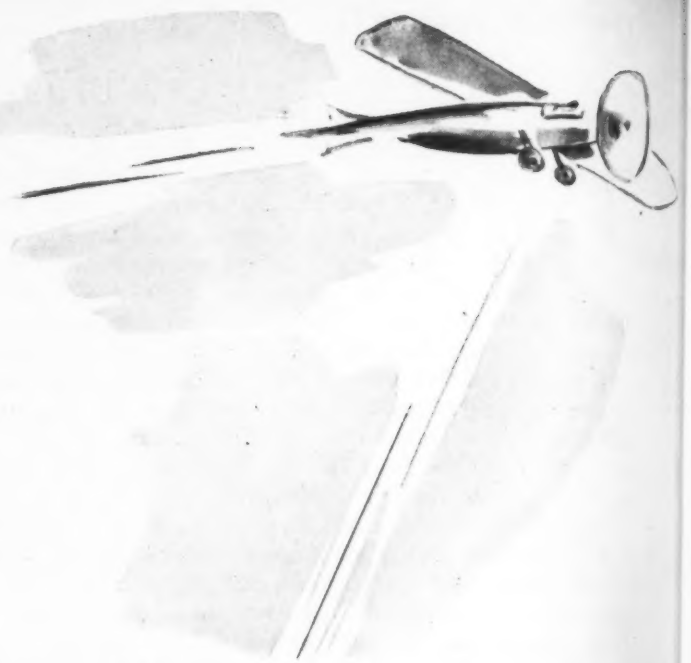
Some spring evening four or five of us, headed usually by Bum, would cross the Bowery and with hearts beating faster enter the narrow streets of Chinatown, its air heavy with bizarre smells. What emboldened us was the feeling that the giants of crime in Chinatown were not interested in small fry.

The squeak and wailing of weird pipes and the chant of gibberish sounded from open windows. Surely that was not music so much as the voice of some shrill Celestial rage. Anyhow it played on our nerves and gave us gooseflesh. Yellow men on felted footgear slipped past us utterly unregarding; or were they only too well aware of us?

Cautiously we would peer into gloomy gas-lit hallways, and it became a game of courage to see how far in a boy dared venture. Bum once got as far as the second floor; the sound of a door suddenly opening sent him hurtling back to us, a hero.

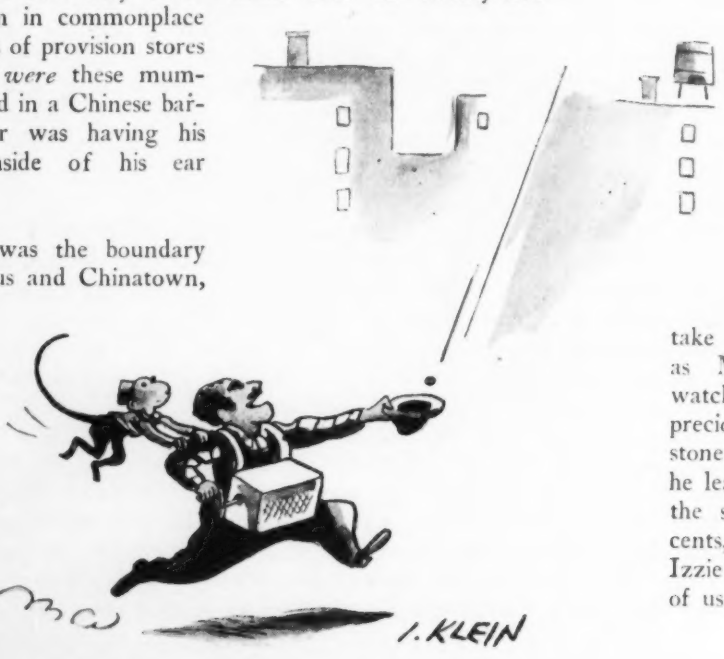
In the streets we watched the Chinese tenements. Anything might at any moment burst on the world from those brooding windows; the splintering of glass; the scream of some beautiful White Slave; a revolver shot; some contorted face might show for an instant. . . . We watched long and hopefully, and the fact that we watched in vain did nothing to make us feel less hopeful about the next moment.

Meanwhile our trip was already a success. On outdoor stands were to be seen such curious fruit and vegetables that we were sure they could not have been born in commonplace earth. In windows of provision stores hung dried—what *were* these mummied animals? And in a Chinese barbershop a customer was having his scalp and the inside of his ear shaved!



THE Bowery was the boundary line between us and Chinatown, between us and Little Italy where on *festa* nights the streets became illuminated bowers; on the other side of the Bowery was Little Syria; in short, the Bowery led to foreign lands. But it was in itself an exotic land; the pleasure port of call for sailors from the seven seas; a Coney Island of dime museums, penny arcades, dance halls, shooting galleries, and sidewalks clamorous with hawkers; not the colorless nondescript it is today.

To many of us it was also a street that brought in turn enchantment, disillusion, and that pleasantly bitter fruit, sophistication. Take for instance our experience with the lure of gold. Often we would look on enviously while some hawker in the Bowery gave away small fortunes to those who were already rich. "Absolutely the biggest bargain, ladies and gents, in the hist'ry o' man! To begin with, we're presenting today this genu-wine stickpin of emeralds and rubies, worth forty-five dollars to any man. Then we give you this gold ring set with real diamonds and this pair of cufflinks, pure genu-wine twenty-karat gold with real pearls in them. And for good measure we throw in this solid gold chain—aggregating more than a hundred dollars' worth of jewelry. All of it you get free, gratis, and for nothing in return for the small sum of twenty-five cents just to advertise this fifty-cent piece of the finest perfumed soap that was ever," etc., etc.



To those that have shall be given and we kids did not have the twenty-five cents. One day, however, Benny Goldman showed himself the financial genius that he was. "A hundred dollars!" he scoffed. "Catch that crook givin' away a hundred dollars for twenty-five cents! Betcha it ain't worth more'n, say, twenty-five dollars, all that stuff. But we can make money on him, anyway. I'll show you!"

On the spot he organized a syndicate and floated a capital stock issue of twenty-five cents. For each cent a boy subscribed he would get one twenty-fifth of what the enterprise would bring. He had the entire amount subscribed for in no time. Then we went to the Bowery in a body and bought of the hawker the soap and the jewelry that went with it.

The soap we threw away. The jewelry we gave to one of our syndicate members to take to his father for evaluation, as Mr. Finestone worked for a watchmaker and presumably knew precious stones and metals. Mr. Finestone took a look at the jewelry. When he learned that Izzie was involved in the syndicate to the extent of four cents, there was a scene painful for Izzie and almost as painful to the rest of us.

That night we listened morosely to the hawker as he distributed fortunes "just to advertise," etc., etc. At a prearranged signal we rushed the hawker, dumped his glittering wares into the mud of the Bowery, and ran away, bitter, poor in pocket, richer only in sophistication.

CONSIDER too what the Bowery taught us about Woman. We kids were certain we knew all there was to be known about her. Among the things we were sure of was that while many women could curse effectively, no woman however degraded could ever really learn to swear. To get the distinction one would have to hear a row between Mrs. Flynn, the janitress of the tenement in which I lived, and Mrs. Slutsky, her blood enemy, who was careless with her garbage and vociferously sold fish in Hester Street.

Mrs. Slutsky in the heat of a duel with Mrs. Flynn would pray aloud and fervently that Mrs. Flynn might be afflicted by "black years," the cholera, the loss of life, limb, children, and good name. That was cursing. Mrs. Flynn, who spoke Yiddish as eloquently as Mrs. Slutsky, retorted that Mrs. Slutsky's soul was trebly damned and ready for hell. For a woman, that was tall swearing, we boys felt, all those damns and hells.

But one night on the Bowery one of the gang tripped over the foot of some promenading siren, a true daughter of that salty thoroughfare. We were electrified. As sophisticated males we thought that full-blown obscenity was purely masculine as gift and prerogative. Also we thought we knew how to swear. That night, however, the most talented of us had his vocabulary enriched.

We hurried back to our gang and reported what we with our own ears had heard. We were met with skeptic insults. We offered to bet a million dollars. Our bet was taken up. We took the skeptics with us to the Bowery, found other ladies in quest of other sailors; and what had happened before by accident was repeated by design. All that evening we kept tripping over the feet of Bowery girls until the most stubborn doubter was converted and edified. Thereafter we considered Woman no better than the rest of humanity.

"Don't you think that somewhere there is a sort of something, that—well, I can't explain what I mean."
"Absolutely."

THE barker in front of Captain Brewster's Museum of Oriental Splendor and Curiosities had been chanting to the Bowery the glories of Zuleika, Queen of the Harem. It seems she was kidnapped from the palace of the Sultan of Turkey while his janizaries were asleep, and had been brought to America at tremendous expense. Now for the small sum of ten cents, one dime, any gent—no ladies admitted—would be privileged to see Zuleika do her world-famous hoochie-coochie, which previously only the eyes of the Sultan had beheld. To cap the climax the barker assured us that Zuleika would do her dance "right before your eyes, gents . . . in her *bare skin!*"

The mystery of the spell Woman casts over grown men would seem about to be revealed to him who had ten cents to invest. Surely Zuleika doing the hoochie-coochie in her bare

skin would clarify it, if anyone could.

For three weeks I saved up my spending money in secret, as guilty as a respectable bourgeois about to set up a household on the side. Finally one night with ten pennies clutched in my hand I stole to the Bowery, my heart up in my throat. Suppose any of my friends or family should see me?

The barker wound up his peroration. A dozen grown and half-grown males had paid their dimes and passed through the alluring doors. The barker himself was about to follow. He was dressed in loud black-and-white checks, wore a red Ascot tie with a huge diamond stickpin. His face was hard and seamed, smooth-shaven, blue with incipient beard; his eyes, now that the fire of eloquence had departed, were cold and unfeeling.

I gulped my heart down, stepped forward, and thrust my ten pennies into his hand. Startled, he turned; looked at the copper coins, at me, then back at the ten cents. Abruptly he reached out, and closed my fingers about my money.

"Beat it, kid!" he croaked out of the corner of his mouth. "She dances in her"—spelling it out— "b-e-a-r skin!"

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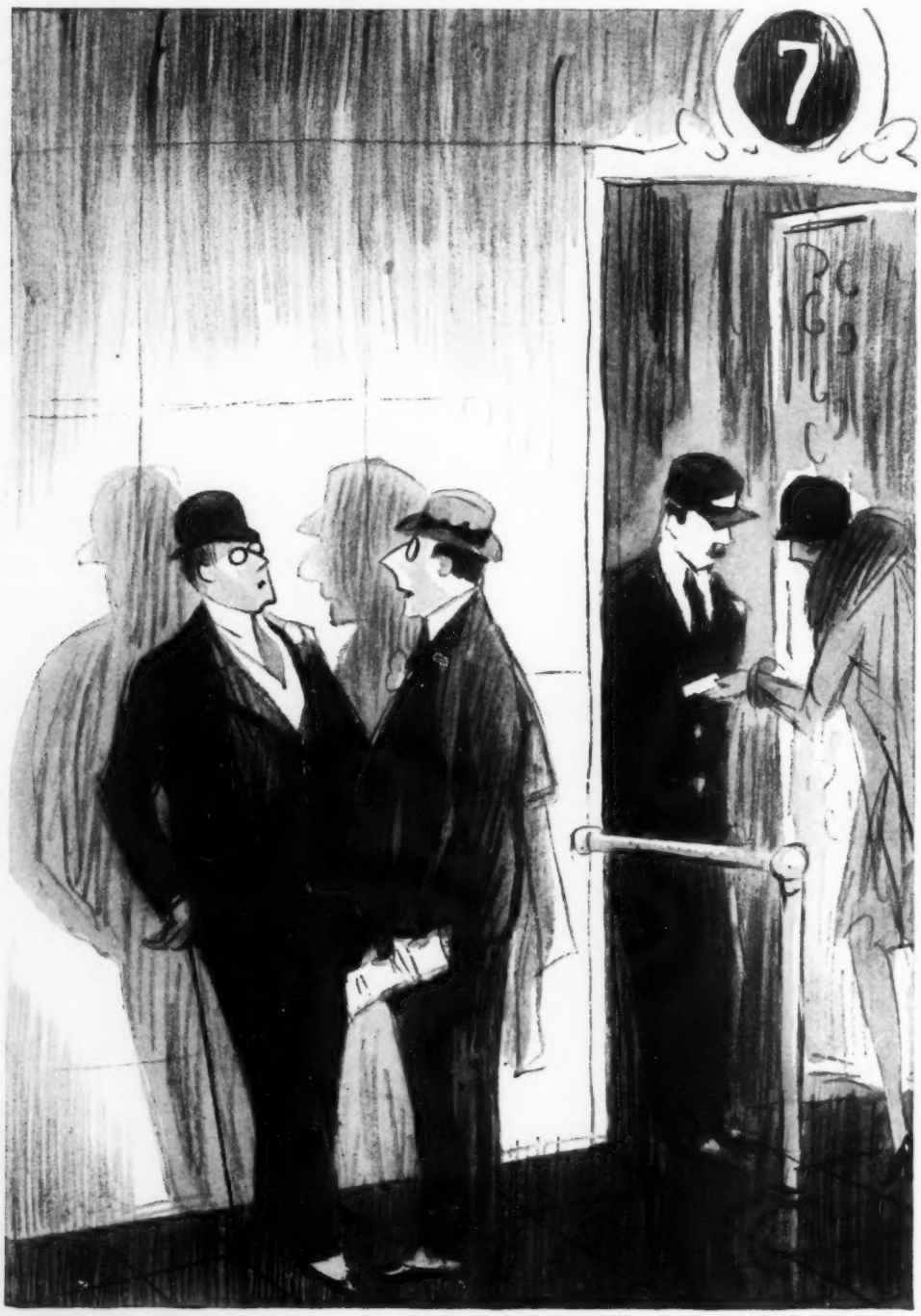


"There's been a shake-up in my little family. My good wife has disappeared."

DID such things rob our city of its enchantment? Bum one spring night had a faraway look as he said,

"I wanna go to China!"

"What's in China?" asked a boy.

"Chinks."

"What else?"

"Oh—er—*lots* of Chinks!"

"Huh!" cried another boy, embracing New York with a wide gesture. "There's a million Chinks right here in N'York!" "Yes," chimed in another, "and fi' thousand Wops and Micks and Swedes and—and—" "And Dutch!" "And Frenchmen!" "Yes, and at Buffalo Bill's show there's *Indians!*"

And even Bum found it easy for a time to wait for the China of his dreams.

—JOSEPH GOLLOMB

•

THE HALTED MAN

He railed at reason
  Through the town,
Grimacing half
  Our laughter down—
And damned all pity
  With a frown.

What sometimes made
  Our women weep
Brought him but smiles;
  And put to sleep
His different anguish,
  Safe and deep.

What he wanted,
  Or had lost,
We could not know,
  But knew the cost
To one whose Fall
  Was black with frost;

Whose Spring and Summer
  Fled too fast;
Who came too soon
  Upon the last
Unchanging day—
  And paused, aghast.

He had not any
  Road to go;
Therefore he stopped
  Our moving woe;
Therefore he laid
  Our laughter low.

—MARK VAN DOREN

A FAREWELL TO FARMS

I THOUGHT a lot about crickets this summer, mostly between the hours of midnight and 3 A.M., but there wasn't a lot I could find out about them. I asked one of my neighbors about crickets once, an oldish fellow who lives in the country the year around.

"Do they," I shouted, "sing like this all the time?"

"Well," he said, his voice just audible above a brilliant coloratura passage, "they never sing bass, if that's what you mean."

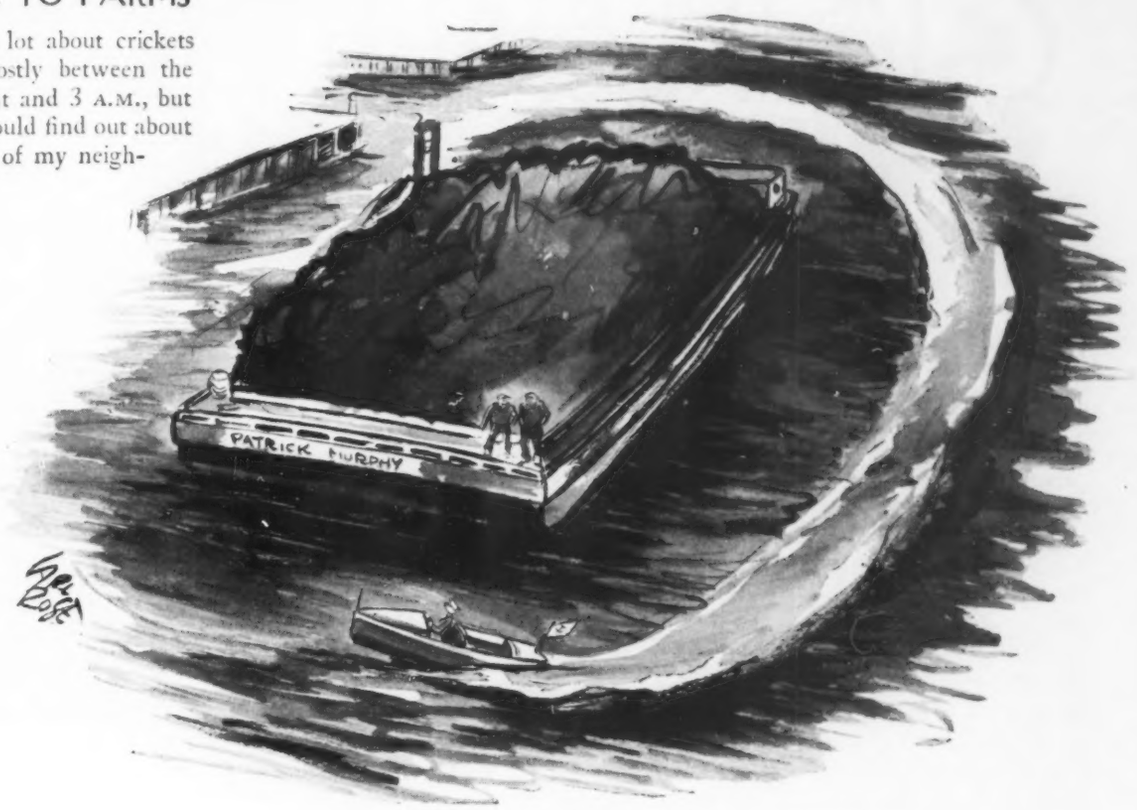
I hadn't meant that, of course, but I understood what he meant. He meant that there are a few things crickets can't do, such as sing bass, or stomp on the front porch at night, or ring the doorbell and then hide in the bushes, but that, within the range of their natural endowments, crickets are nothing short of marvellous.

Webster defines the tree cricket, with well-concealed irritation, as "Any of several nearly white arboreal American crickets belonging to the genus *Œcanthus*," and then, looking significantly over his spectacles, adds, "noted for their loud stridulation." Aside from the admirable restraint, he might have done better. He might, for example, have fallen into pure vituperation, or he might have said something about their exasperating invisibility. One can, if worked up to the proper pitch, pull on some slippers and go outside after a yelping dog, or a cat, and I knew a man once who went out with a flashlight and a club to quiet some frogs, grown restive in the night; but under no circumstances can one ever discover a cricket singing. The noise is painfully audible, but the source is ever invisible.

And then there is the matter of their persistency, which, if their efforts were expended in a more reasonable direction, would be admirable. There were times during the summer when I thought their little scrapers would wear out, when it seemed to be only a perverted sense of pride that kept them going, but on they went, and on and on and on.

As nearly as I can make out nobody knows why they do it. A cricket's life can't be anything to sit up all night and sing about; but they do, and there you are, whether you like it or not.

When I left they were getting even worse, or, from their viewpoint I suppose, better, and by now they must have reached a sort of cricket perfection, after a long summer of arduous practice. —REED JOHNSTON



"Look, Jim, the little devil wants to play!"

• •

ALL GALL

Remarkable Instances of Concentrated Impudence Listed in the Current Press

THE LOCALE	THE EXHIBITOR	THE EXHIBITION	THE JUSTIFICATION
Oxford	Editor of the *Isis*	Suggested tax on American tourists who visit Oxford	"Their manners are boorish."
Newton, N. J.	Martin Jenkins	Fired a rifle at the Los Angeles	It annoyed him.
Budapest	Beggars' Union	Objected to paying income tax	"It's a crime to tax charity."
Tokio	Japanese Government	Sold such poor cigarettes that the public complained	Using "the best grade of grass obtainable."
Toronto	Arthur Ellis	As official hangman, was disgruntled when an execution was called off	"I had everything prepared and ready."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

• •

THE THEATRE

THEY'RE OFF!

THERE was a school of humor, at its height happily in the eighteen-seventies, which found expression in the sly use of Latin puns, interminable parodies in "Don Juan" meter, terrifically long literary blasphemies containing four or five too many words, and carefully studied and ponderous periodic sentences each ending in "sir." Boston was a hotbed of it, but it had many adherents in New York and the South among the better classes, and many highly respectable people today still delight in it. Personally it gives me a terrible pain.

It is from such classic materials that "The Commodore Marries" has been fashioned. There are no Latin puns, but this time everybody has to speak in nautical terms, owing to the whim of a retired commodore who insists that everything around his house be shipshape. So there are a great many "ahoys" and "belays" and the Commodore himself has to preface every remark with "damnation." This gives the dialogue something of the spontaneity of a commencement oration.

And, as is strangely enough always the case in academic humor of this school, there is a complete absence of good taste in the handling of physical matters such as digestion or gestation. Hand in hand with this nobility of phraseology goes a small boy's (and a very dirty small boy's) idea of what is funny among the more natural functions. Thus the scenes in "The Commodore Marries" which deal with the mock lying-in of Mrs. Trunnion are gems of bad taste, of which I need cite only the carrying of a pair of fire-tongs into the delivery-room. Some student of American humor might spend a profitable week some time delving into the reason for this inevitable combination of the classical and the crass.

There are moments in "The Commodore Marries" which stand out from all this ponderous merrymaking with fine distinction. I have a feeling that they are due to Mr. Walter Huston personally. One such moment comes when he is informed that the son and heir whom he was so confidently awaiting was nothing but a false alarm and a prank of Nature. The other is at the end of the play when he orders his "crew" to conduct the scheming Mrs. Trunnion to the "plank." Here the entire performance rises to a thrilling height which almost makes up for all the puffing and blowing which has gone before. Here Mr. Huston is nothing short of magnificent.

I suppose that we should give Mr. Arthur Hopkins credit for trying to start the season off with something different, for "The Commodore Marries" is certainly different and must have been nothing but a labor of love on Mr. Hopkins' part. He can hardly have hoped to make money on it. But even the refreshing sight of an original idea in the theatre could not win this particular member of the public over to its endorsement. In fact, on reading the program note to the effect that the author, Kate Parsons, wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to T. G. Smollett for her inspiration, I decided to give up a long-nourished intention to delve into Mr. T. G. Smollett's

"Would you sell yourself to lift your father's mortgage on his coöperative apartment?"

NOCTURNE

STAR SAPPHIRE. . . . *It is like a cup of night blue, dazed with moonlight and soft shadows, and it bears a promise of the sky. For in its depths stir the six arcs of a veiled silver star . . . eager to fling their beauty to the night.* ¶ *Here in this mysterious jewel is caught a soft, elusive loveliness. . . . A loveliness that finds its counterpart in the beauty of certain women who have an intuitive understanding of the subtle secrets of personality that are the feminine heritage. A power that places them apart . . . envied by women . . . and admired by men.* ¶ *In the costumes of such women you will probably find an exquisitely turned brooch, a simple ring or pendant set with this fascinating stone. . . . And if it is a star sapphire that is singularly lovely, in a setting that speaks clearly of an artist's hand, you are more than likely to find associated with it the name of this establishment.* ¶ *A distinguished collection of exceptional star sapphires in varied and exclusive settings from* $15,000 *to* $250.

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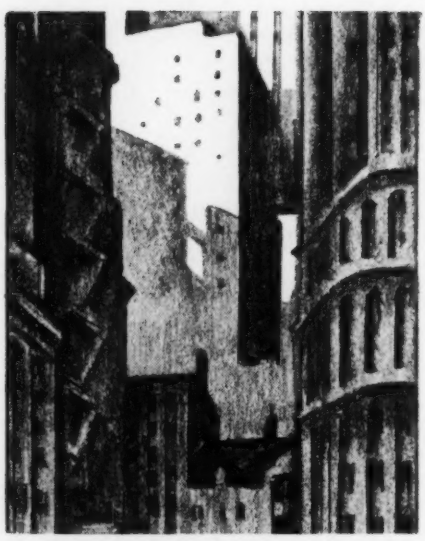
DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS

Now in a familiar food . . .



Hiding from the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a famous health food.

THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this!—a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!

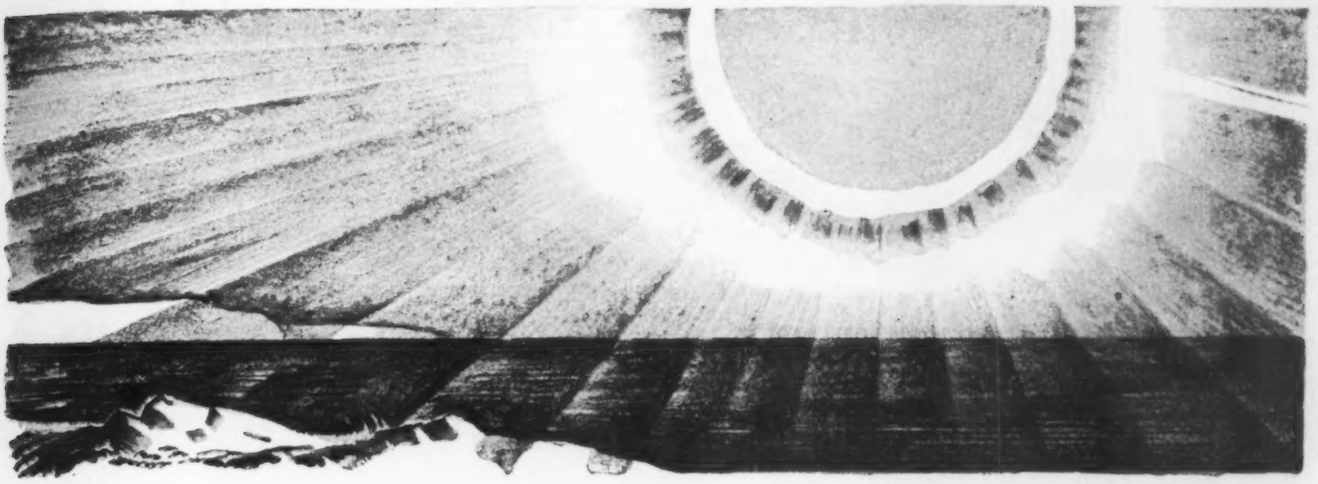
How much healthier we would be

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus — elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight and strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child against

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun

if we could get plenty of sunshine

rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth).

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat three cakes regularly every day, before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking.

Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. Y-106, 701 Washington Street, New York.

In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, of the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in America.

Many consider Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris, as Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist.

Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician.

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY:

Dr. Cherubini: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones and sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

Dr. Delort: "Ergosterol, which exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

Dr. Neuberg: "The vitally important pro-vitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

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. . . .

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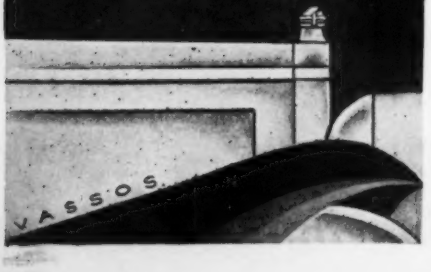
Ask the man who owns one



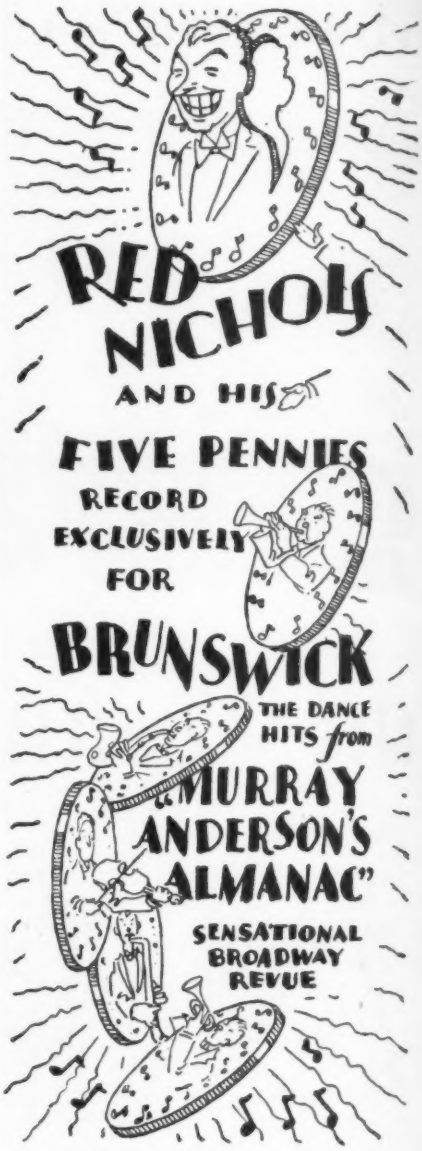
works. I get the idea sufficiently from "The Commodore Marries."

MR. ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN has started the musical-comedy season off with something which is different and, at the same time, pretty consistently amusing. "Sweet Adeline" is not without its dull stretches and when they are dull they are *good* and dull. In bringing back the period of 1898 it would be well to remember that just because a tiresome number smacks of 1898 is no reason for supposing that it isn't going to be just as tiresome in 1929. Also, that after the first few dozen laughs have been gleaned from the old-time costumes, they are going gradually to become just long dresses which get in the way of the dancers.

But there are no dull stretches while Irene Franklin and Charles Butterworth are on, and they are on quite a bit. Miss Franklin as the burlesque-queen and Mr. Butterworth as the young rounder who lacks most of the rounder's equipment for rounding would, either one, make an evening for me. To have them both is almost more than could be hoped for. Miss Franklin has been good for so long that it would be an impertinence to explain why she is good here (she may be quoted, however, as saying that she was entering her dog in the dog show not in the expectation of his winning a blue ribbon but because he would meet some awfully nice dogs). I will run the risk of repeating myself, however, to say that Mr. Butterworth is one comedian in a million and I don't care whether I see the rest of the million or not.

Miss Helen Morgan is again with us, exercising her lush personality (almost oppressively lush at times, perhaps) and her two numbers "Here Am I" and "Why Was I Born?" are probably in for a great deal of imitation before the season is over. Miss Morgan has, however, robbed her imitators of one easy trick by keeping her hands at her sides a greater part of the time. Mr. Kern's score is somehow disappointing in that there isn't much in it to tuck away and take home, but a Kern score is a Kern score, and there is no way of getting around that.

In reviving old-time gags there often comes to light the fact that audiences change less than the modes of pleasing them. In one dance number (in the incredibly good burlesque rehearsal which closes the first act) the



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(PLENTY OF ROOM TO PARK YOUR CAR!)

time-honored stunt of throwing a flickering light on the girls is resuscitated, the idea originally having been to give the effect of an ancient Biograph. And, believe it or not, the most sophisticated first-night audience which has yet assembled in the new year was completely knocked off its feet, not by the fact that the stunt was so old as to be funny but because it still appealed as a new and startling effect. It should have been a little discouraging to those producers who lie awake afternoons trying to think up new excitements.

IN "Soldiers and Women" Messrs. Fox and Tilton have at least one novelty to their credit, and one which seemed to elude a great many of the commentators. In the last act a murderess is caught in a net of circumstantial evidence which finally draws a confession from her, the only trouble being that every one of the damning items was wrong. Miss Violet Heming, as the unpopular lady of a British army post, committed a murder, but not for the reasons and under none of the circumstances which her accuser based his case on. She had to sit and listen to a stupid old general reconstruct the crime with every important feature incorrect and yet, in the end, admit that she had done it. It is to the authors' credit that she let the general get away with what he thought was a clever bit of sleuthing, and also that she did not go straight or soft in the end. It is one of the most unsympathetic rôles a star was ever called upon to play and Miss Heming, after one act of rather obvious acting, does splendidly by it. It need hardly be said that A. E. Anson does a very finished bit of work as the vindictive general. Owing to the fact that he did not come on until the third act, there was some worry among members of the audience that he had let the date of the opening slip his mind, but when he finally appeared there was no doubt that he had the situation completely in hand.

"Soldiers and Women" has a great deal of truck in it and is replete with holes and plot-plantings, but, thanks to its last act, it made a highly acceptable opening for the new season.

IN "Great Scott!" the leading character's name is Scott and, when he comes home from college, his father and mother refer to what he has been studying as "phi-losophy." Want any more?

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

what a whale of a difference
just a few *seconds* make

Yes . . .
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Web Cord—which heavily insulates each individual cord in pure rubber—gives extreme resiliency and superb riding qualities together with great strength and incomparable mileage—a unique achievement in super tire construction. When you see it you will agree that the new Royal Master could be developed only by the organization which leads the world in important contributions to the science of tire making.

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SICKROOM VISITORS

I LOVE visitors, especially the cheery ones. They just don't believe there is anything the matter with you at all, they think you are just fooling everyone—you little rascal! They never saw you look better in your life. My, they would be sick themselves if they could look like that, and if that is what hospitals do for you they guess they will go into one and stay there forever. Which is all right with you.

And I love the doleful ones. They get an awful shock when they see you, but at that they think you are lucky to have pulled through at all, because look at what happened to Amy. And, oh yes, they know you feel pretty good now, but wait till you get up. Which they hope for your sake will be soon, because they don't know what it is, but there is something awfully depressing about a hospital. Well, you could give them an idea.

And then the suspicious ones. They watch every move the nurse makes. They ask you if you *really* like your doctor, and do you *really* feel that his treatment is helping you? . . . so few doctors *know*, dear. They have very little faith in doctors since their own doctor died. And they can't help wondering if it is really necessary for you to be here at all; somehow they don't quite *trust* hospitals. For themselves they would rather be right in their own homes. Which makes it unanimous.

AND of course there are the ones who have had it themselves. You can't tell *them*. Not that you get the chance. They had the most terrible pain right there . . . they couldn't de-

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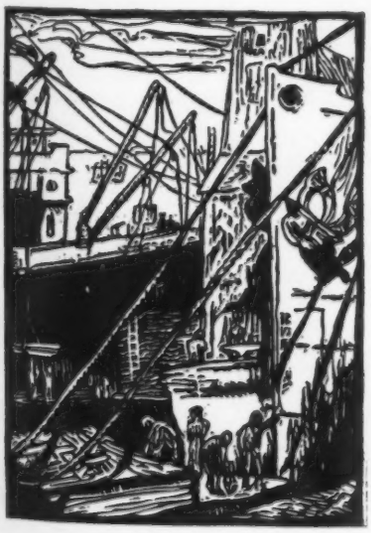

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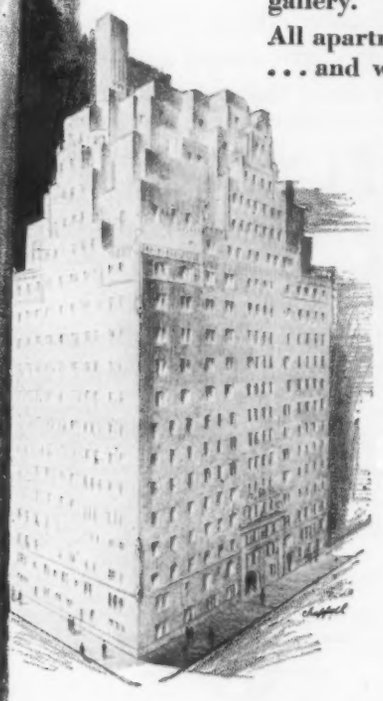
All apartments are for rent . . . and will suit the most exacting requirements. From 7 to 16 rooms. Occupancy in September. Apartments may be seen now. Representative on premises.



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Roosevelt Field, Mineola, L. I.

scribe it. But they have an awfully good try. The way they suffered! They used to scream if anyone so much as came in the room. And the nights . . . the long sleepless nights! They always say about sickness that the nights are the worst part. Which is open to argument.

And, oh dear Heaven, there are the hearty ones. You can hear them coming up in the elevator, and even if they are visiting at the other end of the corridor, they might as well be right in your room. The hospital rings with their laughter, and you ought to hear the way they josh the nurse. They are bursting with wisecracks, and they just about kid the life out of you. Just about.

And what of the timid ones? They speak in whispers and sit on the edge of the chair. They don't dare to look about them, and they jump at the slightest sound. They are sure that somebody is being tortured somewhere, and they *know* that there are dead bodies in the halls. And they have to leave almost as soon as they come, because the mere odor of a hospital always makes them sick. Well, there is good in everything.

But I do love visitors. For aren't there the nice ones? They want to hear all about what is the matter with you, and they bring you the most elegant gossip. They are perfectly sure that one cigarette won't hurt you, and a monument could be erected to them with the simple inscription: "They never sat on the bed."

Certainly I love visitors. They come and they go. Which helps.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

BLIND SAILOR-MAN

He walks the narrow road at night
And uses God as candlelight,
Avoiding stones along the way
With little stumbling or delay;
He greets his friends in voice serene
With all the poise of having seen
Their pleasant nods and wondering smiles—
And goes his seven hilly miles.

He chops his kindling after dark,
Requiring no smallest spark
To guide his axe: and having soon
Enough of wood, he turns a tune
Of sailor origin, and goes
Between the squash and turnip-rows
Into his house and comes no more—
He lights his fire and shuts the door.

—PATIENCE EDEN

A POST-ROAD PICKUP

OUTSIDE Westport I slowed down to pick him up. He grinned as he sat down beside me, and folded the raincoat neatly on his lap. "I was afraid I wouldn't get a lift before dark," he said, "and people are afraid to pick a guy up after dark. How far are you going?"

"Straight through to New York."

"Gosh, I'm lucky," he said. "I'm making it from Providence in two jumps—left there at eight this morning."

As the traffic thinned out on the busy Post Road I turned my head so that I could get a good look at him. He appeared to be about twenty-four. He was hatless, sunburnt, and his worn blue-serge suit and flannel shirt had seen happier times.

"Travelling kinda light?" I ventured finally. He grinned again. "Funny, isn't it?" he said. "I'll bet all these people we pass think I have plenty of jack—riding in this car. Life's funny!"

"Coming down to New York for a holiday?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I'm going down for keeps."

"What was the matter with Providence?" I asked. "Girl trouble?"

"No," he replied. "Just plain broke. I had a job as a photograph solicitor in Boston, but the outfit I was working for went bust when they started to work Providence. It's a cheap town. I come from Portland, myself."

"Ever think of going home?" I asked.

He looked at me and smiled. "Go home? Broke? I wonder what the old man would say. Here—have one of my cigarettes."

We were passing through Pelham when he spoke again. "We're on the

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outskirts of New York now, aren't we?"

"No, we've got quite a way to go yet." I could picture him fingering the few small coins in his pocket.

"NEW YORK is a big place, all right," he said at length. "A chap up in Providence told me that I could get a bed at the Mills Hotel. I guess its kinda hard to get a job on a Friday. I'll get one on Monday, sure, though. Mebbe I'll sell pianos. I can't play, but all you gotta do is talk fast. Player pianos are easy to sell. I ought to sell one a week with luck. I'll get a job all right!" he added, as if trying to convince himself.

"I hope you do," I said.

"Yeh, so do I. I'm tired of drifting from one city to another. I'd like to settle down, make some real money and go home."

We had passed Pelham Parkway and were heading west through Fordham. "If you're going down to the Mills Hotel, you'd better take the subway here," I said. He started slightly and looked at me as if he hated to leave the car.

I stopped at the curb. He picked up his raincoat and got out. He walked quietly towards the subway, his coat under his arm, and disappeared down the stairs.

—EMILE C. SCHNURMACHER

•

YOUNG WRITER, now starting on a story with a new idea he believes to be in a class with anything Elinor Glyn or Judge Lindsey ever produced, needs financial assistance.—*Adv. in Los Angeles Examiner.*

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Willing

TEE AND GREEN

Old Men at Pebble Beach —Young Goodman and a New Champion — Last Word on Eighteen Holes

Johnston

HARRISON JOHNSTON and Oscar Willing, the Oregon dentist, have been in the process of proving that they are very good golfers, but their ability, made familiar in the tournaments of the past five years, has never been spectacular. When they went out to play each other in the final at Pebble Beach it seemed somehow difficult to believe that their match would decide the Amateur Championship of the United States. As a climax of an event that began with sixteen thousand people jostling over the long, narrow course to get a look at Bobby Jones, George Von Elm, and Jess Sweetser, the Willing-Johnston match was meagre drama. Hardly anyone had an idea whether Johnston could beat Willing or not, and hardly anyone, it must be admitted, was thrilled when he did.

LIKE all National Amateur championships, the tournament at Pebble Beach had some fine golf, some exciting moments: Johnny Goodman, one up on Jones at the seventeenth tee, disdaining safety on the fairway at the right to play his spoon shot on to the pin in a 200-yard carry over a deep bunker, and Jones laying his own shot next to Goodman's, but missing the putt that might have saved his title. Ouimet, slicing his drive on the thirty-sixth against Little, barely playing out of the rough with his second, then running up a 250-yard brassie and holing his putt for the half that won the match for him.

Then there was Chandler Egan's performance in getting to the semi-finals. Before the tournament Egan, playing around Pebble Beach with his friends, was more interested in showing how he had illustrated his theories in golf architecture than he was in improving his game. Later it seemed as though the course which he worked on all summer, remodelling it for the tournament, had communicated to him a secret, hidden from everyone else, that took away its difficulties. I don't know enough about psychology to explain, except with some such metaphor, how a fellow like Egan, no longer young or asking much of his nerves, could get back for a few days the strength and rhythm he must have had when, twenty-five years ago, he won the title.

Ouimet *Egan*

OUIMET is pretty much of a veteran himself, but his slight stoop and his way of studying even an easy lie with his head thrust forward and a worried expression were not, as some critics affected to believe, the evidence of age and fatigue, but habitual to him, like his polite, diffident smile, his white hats, and the heavy tortoise-shell spectacles that make his sunburned face so professorial. Ouimet, playing his best, and Egan, the middle-aged man suddenly become young, shared with Goodman the *éclat*—less novel to them —of being public sensations. Goodman had a wonderful time. He is one of those aggressive, natural strokers, who are usually lost at medal play since their interest in the game only comes to life with an opponent. Considering that he picked up golf on the baked-clay courses of Omaha, between intervals of

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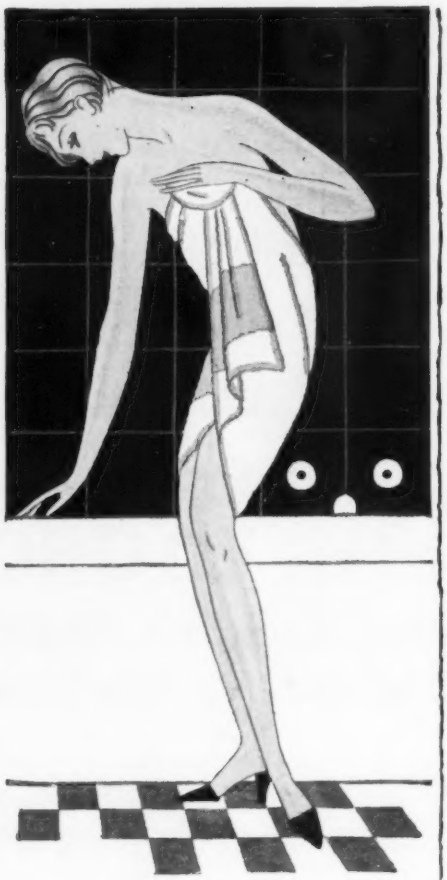

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work, you might expect him to force his clubs to strange uses in the fashion of public-links champions and the caddy-masters at fashionable clubs, who play their own rounds hurriedly before the members get there, or after they are through. However, you would be wrong; perhaps by his ardent observation of the famous player whom he hoped to beat some day, Goodman has made his style surprisingly orthodox. In June he came from Chicago to play in the Open. He travelled in a cattle-car, with his clubs stuck in the hay it was his job to feed the steers; they were good clubs—a matched set of Spalding irons, with three special woods. If anyone kidded Goodman about them, asking how soon he was going to beat the champion, I can imagine Goodman, wiry and serious, sitting in the cattle-car and making clear by arithmetic just how, if he were going well, he could darn well beat Bobby Jones.

GOODMAN deserved his victory, but the fact that he was immediately afterward beaten merely emphasized the one point which this weird tournament definitely proved—that eighteen-hole matches are too short to prove anything at all. If the U. S. G. A. revises its method of conducting match-play

• •

tournaments, I don't think any sensible person will assert that it was done for the sake of keeping a champion from another first-round elimination. By lengthening first and second-round matches of amateur championships to thirty-six holes, the U. S. G. A. would not be helping any one man in particular. For a mediocre player, or a star way off his game, thirty-six holes will mean elimination just as positively as, in the qualifying round, it did for Jack Neville, Bob Stein, Maurice McLoughlin, and others whom we were talking about before the tournament. Eighteen holes is a round of golf, but not a fair competitive test. Even in the satisfaction of winning, the new champion, who suffers more than anyone else from a condition that tends to discredit what he has done, would admit that a longer contest in the early rounds would have given his title more meaning. —N. B., Jr.

•

TARNISH

Cousin Annabelle is sore upset.
Her eyes are downcast and her manner flurried.
Now, for the first time in her forty years,
Her poise is shaken and her brow is worried.
At Miss Blake's School she bent her girlish mind
To fancywork, and painting—oils and waters—
And since, on calls and kin; for twenty years
She's never missed a meeting of the "Daughters."
They have her name and Lines on register,
A genealogist the sworn attestor
That William, Sometimes Called the Conqueror,
Is Cousin Annabelle's direct ancestor.
It was a sweet thought once—a thought to keep—
But since last Tuesday she can scarce regard us:
Some casual friend told Cousin Annabelle
He sometimes signed his name *William, Bastardus.* —Dearing Ward

•

In last week's issue some errors were made regarding Mrs. Gillcuddy, which the following account will correct: Mrs. Gilcuddy was born in 1865, and was 64 years and 11 days of age at the time of her birth.—*Santa Ana (Cal.) Record.*

There! Now *that's* straight.

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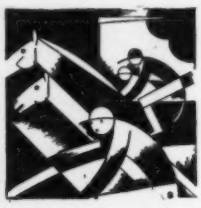
THE RACE TRACK

Whichone for the Futurity — Some Sporting Gestures and Civic Pride



FIRST impressions may often be best, but not invariably so; especially not in situations which require much thought and deliberation. However, looking back on the Hopeful and Champagne Stakes, it seems clear enough that Whichone should confirm his winning form in those races when he again meets the two-year-olds in the Futurity this Saturday.

Last April, when Harry Payne Whitney made one of his periodic visits to Brookdale Farm, it was to inspect a colt by John P. Grier out of Elf. He had named him Boojum, because he was expected to make his opposition, like the Baker in "The Hunting of the Snark,"

> Softly and suddenly vanish away,
> And never be met with again.

Marshall led out Boojum, and a brown colt by Chicle out of Flying Witch. One of the party said: "Which one is Boojum?"

"That's Boojum," replied Whitney. "Let's call this one Whichone."

Last month, at Saratoga, no one in the Whitney stable could say who was the better, Boojum or Whichone. "Run 'em both in the Hopeful and we'll see," said Whitney. They ran, and Boojum, receiving eight pounds from Whichone, beat him a neck in world's-record time for the six and a half furlongs. I don't remember a more sporting gesture. Horsemen said it was simply foolish. Had Harry Whitney desired, he could have declared to win with Whichone. Boojum could have been pulled up to his stablemate with the field half a dozen lengths behind, and Boojum would have run for the Futurity without an eight-pound penalty.

I MAY be pardoned a gloat or two if I recall that in these notes I said Whichone was better than Boojum—and also the colt of the year. If there is anything in weights, on the form of the Hopeful Whichone was the better colt by at least five pounds. And last Saturday we saw him win the Champagne Stakes, coming from behind as

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soon as Boojum, with whom Harry Whitney had declared to win, was in difficulty. He pegged back Gone Away magnificently in the last furlong, and won so handily that I confidently expect his name will join that of his sister, Mother Goose, on the roster of Futurity winners.

I WONDER if my friend John Madden's maxim "Better sell and repent than save and repent" works out so well after all. Had The Nut not been sold along with Victorian and Cady Hill to Silas Mason, last Saturday would have been a Whitney Benefit day. As it was, we saw the son of Mad Hatter win the Lawrence Realization while Beacon Hill, who carried the "light blue, brown cap," finished third. African, running a decidedly improved, though not unanticipated race, split them. The sale of Victorian and The Nut was another sporting gesture. It is seldom that a sportsman sells the best horses in his stable to a newcomer. More often he smiles and says to himself, "Heaven hath sent this one unto me."

TIME is slipping on with grievous haste. Here we are almost at the close of Belmont Park's idyllic autumn meeting. A lot, of course, depends on how one has stood the heat and the run of beaten favorites, but Belmont Park is the pleasantest place to go racing I know. Joe Widener might, however, have waited until next week to glass in the back and the Turf and Field Club end of the stand.

Unquestionably the shock of last week was the discomfiture of Pansy Walker in the Matron Stakes. To understand how devastating it was to all concerned with her, not excluding those gentlemen who are now suffering from having laid odds, one must appreciate that the memory of her victory over Galaday was fresh in our minds. Boots Durnell looked somewhat mystified;

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but he is a person of much self-control, and has a way of masking his feelings. It was pointed out to me that Pansy Walker might not have beaten much in Galaday, but to this I cannot subscribe. Nor do I believe she runs her best over a slow track, like the one the day of the Saratoga Special, when she came in second to Whichone and beat colts.

Dustemall, who simply slammed Pansy, came to the races heralded as a lady Boojum, and may yet train to be one. Certainly she has found her racing legs on the Widener Course, where she won twice in a week.

IN my opinion Pete Coyne should feel more responsibility than he evidently does in placing Joe Widener's Osmand in races. Osmand, I believe, never would be beaten if his activities were confined to races at six furlongs. We had an illustration of that in the Fall Highweight Handicap, in which he carried 140 pounds and beat Mrs. Amory's Balko, to whom he gave 22. What a contrast to his two races at one mile at Saratoga! Davy Johnson used to do much the same thing with Roseben, the Big Train, of glorious memory.

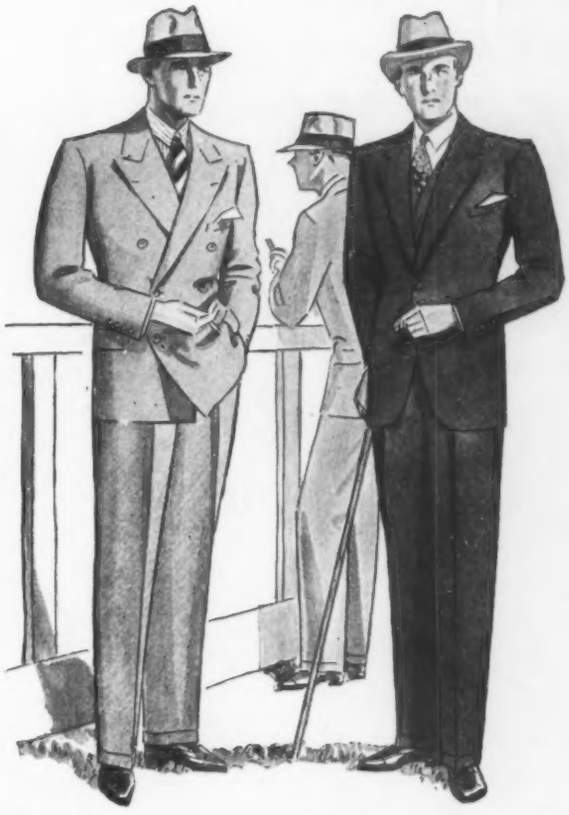
LAND BOY justified his reputation of being a second Billy Barton in the hunters' race for the Eastern Horse Club's Cup, leading all the way and winning by something over a sixteenth of a mile. For all that, I think he was badly ridden by Jack Davis, who rushed him at his jumps. Land Boy also was eligible for the Brook Steeplechase the following day, for which he was in at 137 pounds, but when Augustus Goodwin found that there were no Boston-owned horses in the hunter race, he declined the $10,000 stake and ran for the $200 cup, under 164 pounds. That's civic pride for you! Jack Davis wore for silks a green jersey with a yellow sleeveless one over it—the Goodwin colors are "yellow, green sleeves."

While on the subject of steeplechasing—perhaps old Jolly Roger is not what he used to be, but William du Pont, Jr.'s, Ruler was a rapid-going horse in the Brook. He had to be to clip three seconds off the track record. —AUDAX MINOR

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

His left eye was hooked about the arm of his personal physician.—*Chicago Daily News.*



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Style is emphasized in the quality of every element that goes into the making of our clothes for gentlemen

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The tailoring, executed by Hickey-Freeman, is typically expert, worthy in every respect of the carefully selected fabrics from the looms of makers whose names have long symbolized quality

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

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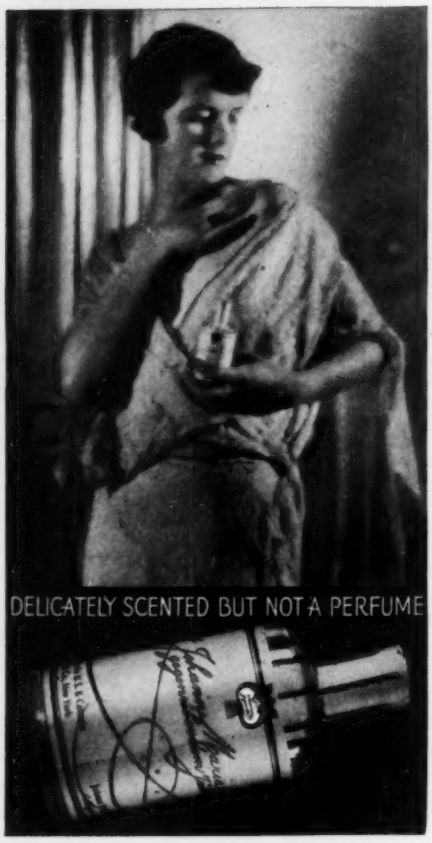
The SILENT PARTNER of your Bath



IN safeguarding against perspiration odors, smart Continentals have known Farina's Red Crest Cologne ever since 1709.

Now fastidious New York men and women find that a few drops bring *surety* of personal delicacy. They find it has no equal as a quick freshener, as a tingling rub-down after the bath, as a gentle astringent, and as a general toilette complement.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion
Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

POLO

Thomas Hitchcock and Company—Roark in Slacks—An Afternoon's Rest—Fragments

IT must be a bit provoking at times to play on the same team with Hitchcock; that is, if you read the newspapers, and there are few polo players who do not. However, great as he is, there are no games actually won by him single-handed. As yet he does not play all alone; and he has the support of Sands Point, a very fine team.

Sands Point surprised the experts a bit with a most convincing defeat of Greentree in the Open Championships, and this week will play the Hurricanes for the title.

THERE might be more than a little praise for Earle Hopping. All through that game he played with only one leg; and a polo-player's legs are just as important to him as the legs of his ponies. His right leg was practically useless. Several weeks ago, it was hit by a mallet, and Hopping hasn't stopped playing long enough to let it heal.

He has pretty well proved now that his rise to the top in 1928 was not a flash in the pan. There are purists who are offended by the looping stroke he uses, but he puts the ball out where he wants it, and only two or three players hit harder. Complaining about his form seems foolish.

Then there is Charlie Schwartz, who decided three years or so ago to play real polo. He had fooled around a bit, but had never been serious. He started in by buying heavily at one of those fearfully expensive Argentine auctions, and this year has played a good, unobtrusive game at back throughout the Open.

Up forward, Averell Harriman has been able to stage something of a comeback after an early season in which nothing seemed to go right. With the superlatively good Hitchcock, these are the men who made Sands Point one of the finalists.

LADDIE SANFORD's Hurricanes is the luckiest team that has played polo

TARRY AWHILE!

LIFE is worth living here. The sun comes up in the morning and streams through your windows. Green trees and broad lawns greet you. Pleasant folk converse with you; you play bridge, read in the vita-glass-enclosed solarium, dine in the cheerful Colonial Room.

You are rested! You are relaxed, yet the Metropolis is easily reached, and you know you will return to this friendly, soothing atmosphere 'ere night falls. Guests are permanent—Food is excellent —Rates are sensible.

For details—Phone Orange 3622 3623
or write

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Main Street at Maple Avenue
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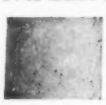
NEW YORK TO AND FROM
CALIFORNIA

Things to do and things to see! Sports of all kinds . . . dancing on moon-lit decks; swimming in open-air, built-in deck pools; thirteen days of rest or play on the largest steamers ever built under the American flag.



Itinerary: HAVANA, PANAMA CANAL, SAN DIEGO (Coronado Beach), LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO.

Summer rates still apply. Fortnightly sailings either way by the *California* (new), *Virginia* (newer), or *Pennsylvania* (newest).

Maiden voyage of the* Pennsylvania *from New York Oct. 19; from San Francisco Nov. 9.

Address No. 1 Broadway, New York; our offices elsewhere or authorized S.S. and R.R. agents.

Panama Pacific Line
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Drawn by H. Alken
LONDON, PUBLISHED MARCH 1ST 1839 BY BER. BROOKS, AT HIS ECLIPSE SPORTING GALLERY, 46 HIGH ST. OXFORD
Engraved by J. Harris
The finish — a good five still alive — Grand Chorus, "The Lads of the Village"

MORE than a century ago some "devil-rid maniacs" ran the first night steeplechase and a few natives bolted "affrighted from their beds" . . . Today thousands of natives — very much awake — and quite familiar with steeplechases, are taking the stiffest style-hurdles in their stride with THE SPUR (by Hamilton) — an utterly new, up-to-date strap watch, the beauty of which is exceeded only by its uncanny accuracy.

THE SPUR $125

A 19-jewel Hamilton in 14k yellow or white gold case. There are other Hamilton watch models ranging in price from $50 to $685

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

WHAT IS THE VITAL NEED OF LOVELY SKINS TODAY?

PRACTICALLY everyone, sooner or later, is troubled by enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, yet until recently no one preparation had been evolved which could be used on *every* type of skin for refining its texture. There were preparations intended for that purpose, but if used often enough to be effective they were entirely too *drying* except for very oily skins. Moreover, they contained no cleansing properties, and perfect cleanliness is absolutely essential to refining the skin . . . particularly in these dusty modern days.

Exquisite cleanliness, freshness and clear fine texture are the greatest beauties any complexion can possess—and yet no one preparation had been created that would assure this loveliness to every woman.

But now there *is* such a preparation! It is made by Dorothy Gray and is called Texture Lotion.

Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion will actually refine the texture of even the coarsest skin, and it can be used daily on *every* type of skin. Moreover, it cleanses superbly. It picks up the tiniest particles of dust and oil that lodge in the pores. And it leaves the pores closed—your skin protected! Besides that, it removes the last lingering suggestion of greasiness after any sort of facial cream has been used. It leaves your skin cool, refreshed, tingling and gloriously alive!

Texture Lotion is a lightly scented liquid, in color the faint orchid of young lilacs. You will find it at smart shops everywhere and at the Dorothy Gray salons. Its price is surprisingly moderate; there is a one dollar size and a much larger two dollar bottle.

© D. G., 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

DOROTHY GRAY BUILDING, 683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

in several years. Favored strongly at the start, it didn't go any too well, and just did make the final. The Hurricanes had trouble getting there, because they found themselves up against the Roslyn team.

The Roslyn team was put together by Harold Talbott, who this year has been a tough No. 1. He picked up a couple of Texans and Gerald Balding. Cecil Smith, one of the Texans, broke his foot, so Cheever Cowdin had to come back from a yachting trip. Cowdin has seldom played better polo. Balding, when he is good, is very good. He was good in the match with the Hurricanes.

This was a twelve-period affair that set records for excitement and longevity in the tournament. Also, it had a Ralph Henry Barbour touch to the finish, when Talbott was knocked out and Aiden Roark jumped from a box to play in his street slacks and Talbott's helmet. After going scoreless from the fourth halfway through the twelfth, the Hurricanes won.

GREENTREE's back was Winston Guest. Hailed, after the defeat of the Argentines in 1928, as the successor to Devereux Milburn, Guest was lifted to nine goals, second only to Hitchcock in the rating. He had an uncomfortable afternoon in the semi-finals.

It is doubtful, though, if he had as uncomfortable a two hours of it as Eric Pedley did. Pedley, playing his first season in the East since his sensational arrival in 1924, had been going remarkably well; but he spent most of this afternoon wasting Jock Whitney's fine ponies by loafing in the background as Guest went roaring through with many a cry of "Leave it!"

FRAGMENTS FROM THE OPEN: The little green trees on the front of the pink Greentree shirts, but no numbers on the back for the spectators. . . . The gallery waiting a half hour after game time for the players to come over from Belmont. . . . Wesley White umpiring very seriously, and conferring solemnly with young Rathborne the day he tried his hand at running a

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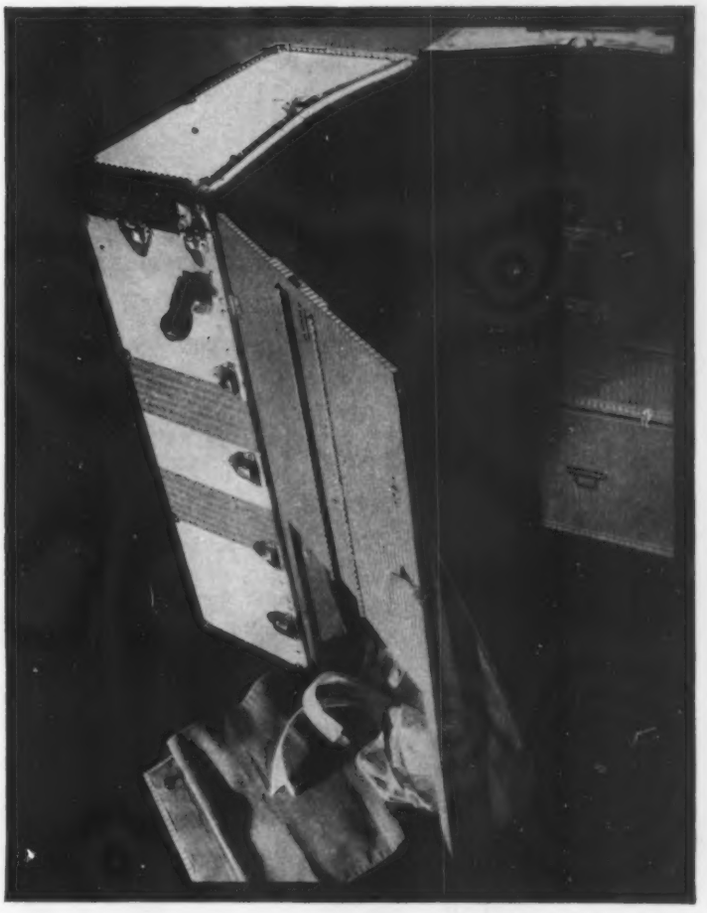

A bow to a great Chinaman

"SOME men are born with knowledge; some acquire it by study, *some by painful experience*."

Thus spake Confucius, greatest philosopher of the greatest nation of laundrymen in the world — 3,000 years before the unique Oshkosh Laundry Door was ever invented.

Why risk the "painful experience" which experienced travelers know an Oshkosh Wardrobe Trunk will permanently prevent?

A useful booklet describing other exclusive conveniences of Oshkosh Trunks will be sent you if you will write to us at 526 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Or phone our New York office, Caledonia 2715, where trunks will be shown and names of dealers furnished.

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This OSHKOSH TAXI WARDROBE is ideal for short trips. Weighs only 35 to 40 pounds. Comes in several sizes, the smallest being 33" x 20" x 10". Equally convenient for men or women. Priced from $35 to $100.

COSMETIQUES
LESQUENDIEU

Does your face reflect your worship of the sun in a merry gypsy tan? Or does autumn find your skin still fair with the warm whiteness of a magnolia petal? Whatever the color of your skin, Lesquendieu has created just the right shade of lipstick to bring out all the beauty of its tone and texture. Lipstick Tussy comes in eight new and distinct shades—it smooths on lightly and understandingly and gives a lasting accent of color to the lips. In gayly colored Galalithe containers Lipstick Tussy comes to you, sealed and packaged in France.

Lipstick
TUSSY

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu as the leading maker of cosmetics throughout Europe. They are all made in, and imported from, France. Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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game. . . . The incessant roar of airplanes. . . . Captain Roark's running conversation during play. . . . Henry Forrester's cowboy chaps as he went in for the injured Colonel Wise. . . . The red indicator on the scoreboard informing the spectators who made each goal. —MARTINGALE

•

SPEAKEASY CATS

MARSUPIAL—THE KANGAROO CAT

THERE is more than a trace of kangaroo in Marsupial, the Pewter Platter cat. The Pewter Platter, a stone's throw from the Chelsea Theological Seminary, is the forum for the unconventional element of the neighborhood. It is known as the sort of place where converse with the fascinating lady in the flowered chiffon is not altogether out of the question. . . .

That is precisely where Marsupial, the kangaroo cat, comes in.

She strolls daintily about, trying to catch your eye. If you do happen to look down into her bland, inscrutable orbs you are lost. She instantly goes into her kangaroo act—rising up on her hind legs, battling your hand with her dainty paws. A great game. But don't take your eye off her even for a second. Any neglect, no matter how slight, hurts Marsupial's feelings. She demands your complete attention. Let your eye waver and she leaps clean off the floor and clamps herself on your hand like a cockleburr on a Harris tweed. She nips and kicks you then with considerable spirit.

A giggle from the next table. You go red.

"Damn little brute," you mutter as you shake Marsupial loose.

"She is not! Here, puss puss puss."

The fascinating lady strokes Marsupial, and a contented purring drifts upward. She looks over at you in triumph. And at that instant Marsupial again applies her heartless hammerlock.

But you do not laugh. Marsupial has furnished that common bond of sympathy on which the most enduring friendships are built. It stands to reason now that you will return to the Pewter Platter—and next time you'll split your Chianti two ways.

—EDMUND S. WHITMAN

•

WANTED—600 square feet of turfing and a man to put it on.—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

We know how you feel.

THE LEADING MAN

(The scene is the office of the Smetnik Productions, Inc.)

PIERCE *(the author)*—Mr. Smetnik, you know who would be just ideal in that part? Oh, he'd be absolutely marvellous in that part. That's Roland Young.

SMETNIK—Young—you know what an actor like Young knocks down a week? At least one grand. Y'know what that's worth to me, that part? No more than two hunard bucks.

PIERCE—But Mr. Smetnik, that's the lead. That's the male lead. I wrote my play around that character. You need a name for that part.

SMETNIK—Listen. I been in the business a little longer than you, b'lieve me. I know what a part is worth and what it ain't worth, see? All right, this is the leadin' rôle. So what? So I'll get a good reliable actor for two hunard who'll knock the hell outa this rôle. I'll give him a run-of-the-play contract for two hunard bucks. When he's through with this part he'll be worth a grand like this Roland Young. Sure, look what Jed Harris did. Now you take this here Lee Tracy. Tracy was—

PIERCE—Listen, Mr. Smetnik. You kill the play if you don't get a name. Now I'm telling you. I wrote this play with Roland Young in mind.

SMETNIK—Yeah? And whoja have in mind for the female lead?

PIERCE—For the female lead I had in mind somebody like, well, like Helen Hayes, or somebody like that.

SMETNIK—And I s'pose you also had in mind Basil Rathbone and Mary Ellis and Fay Bainter, too? Maybe you thought I was Georgie Tyler or somethin'? That maybe I was puttin' on a revival with an all-star cast instead of a brand-new play that I'm takin' a chance on?

PIERCE—I'm not saying you ought to get these people. I'm just telling you who was on my mind so that maybe you'd get somebody like them.

SMETNIK—Now you leave it to me. *(Goes to phone)*. Give me Bryant 9080. Hello. Hello, is Murray

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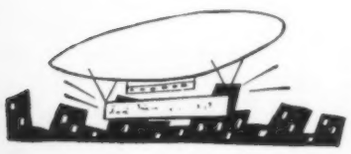

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IT HAS long been agreed that a quite inimitable charm pervades the Barclay. The individuality of its early American décor, the little more than perfection of its service, the graciousness of its atmosphere combine to make it a true home for a year's stay or a day. Delightful accommodations for transient guests, or apartments for short or long term leases.

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Managing Director
WARREN T. MONTGOMERY

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The Cragswold

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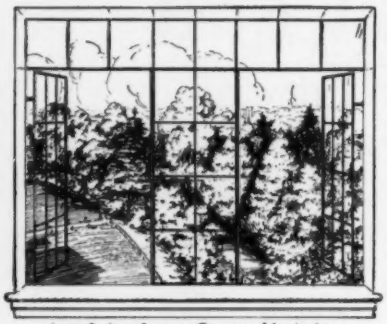
100% Co-Operative



Actual view from a Cragswold window

Ready for Occupancy

THE CRAGSWOLD, a new co-operative, has available for immediate occupancy or October 1st, a few unusual apartments.

Apartment Sizes

4 rooms—sun room—2 baths
5 rooms—sun room—2 baths
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Larger if desired

Each has a sun room, electrical refrigeration, large closets, some cedar lined, room sizes more than generous, butlers' pantries, bathrooms with colored tile floors, borders, and showers, radiator enclosures, numerous kitchen cabinets and other features.

Prices range from $10,000 to $16,000, with low maintenance.

Purchase prices include complete decoration and installation of electric fixtures. There are no additional charges.

Purchase Terms

If it is desired to purchase apartments out of income rather than capital, a plan is provided whereby your combined carrying charges, including maintenance, interest, and paying for the apartment are not greater than rent paid to a landlord. This plan is worthy of consideration.

Location

THE CRAGSWOLD is located on Belmoy Road, Scarsdale Manor—a four minute walk south of the Scarsdale station of the New York Central. Motorists, use the Bronx River Parkway direct to Scarsdale. May we send you a floor plan? Better yet, come to the building. A resident representative is present at all times, including evenings.

Selling Agents

DOUGLAS GIBBONS & COMPANY, Inc.

47 East 57th St., New York City

Phone Regent 7700

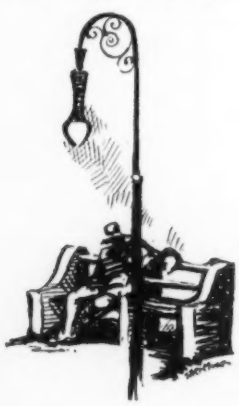
there? Tell him Charlie Smetnik. Hello, Murray. Murray, this is Charlie Smetnik. Fine, and you? Listen, Murray, about my play, "Revenge." It goes in rehearsal in about a week and I wanna leadin' man. Yeah? No, I got oney one script and I need it. Listen, Murray, I'll describe the part over the phone and you see watcher can do. *(To Pierce)* Where's the description of Leigh Blanding? Oh, yeah. *(Reads)* "Leigh Blanding is about thirty-four, tall, handsome, and well-groomed. He has a slight English accent acquired at Oxford. Leigh is a dreamer, moody, tempestuous, unpredic—" Oh, hell, never mind. "He is the sort of person who is stirred into action not by his intelligence but by his emotions." Well, there's a lot more junk, but that gives you an idear. He's a dreamer, see?—a little English accent, lots of curly hair, and a nice figger. And listen, the part oney pays two hunard bucks.

Who? Say, Murray, he's fifty at least. I know how he looks even with the makeup. No, Murray, he's too fat. Listen, you tellin' me? I know he's a good actor, but he's not the type, Murray. Well, who else have you got for two hunard?

Tressmaine? I don't remember Tressmaine. But, Murray, I don't want a stock leadin' man. Murray, I want a Broadway leadin' man. Aw right, I'll even pay two and a quarter. Ashton? Murray, I told you that this guy has to have curly hair. Well, yeah, I suppose he *can* pencil it in, but how about the English accent? Is that so? I don't remember an Englishman in "Is Zat So?" Oh, yeah? Funny, but I don't remember it.

Aw right, Murray, send him around. And the salary is two and a quarter. Right. O.K., Murray. So long.

(To Pierce) Well, I got a leadin'



WESTCHESTER COUNTY GARDEN APARTMENTS

"What!—

a New Yorker?
—but he lives in the provinces."*

"My dear fellow, that's why he's the smartest kind of New Yorker—he makes the best of both worlds."

*Of course, he meant "suburbs"—which, as every New Yorker knows, means Westchester.

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COUNTRY CLUB
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WHITE PLAINS 5444

man that'll knock your eye out. You talk about Roland Young. This guy can give Roland Young lessons any day in the week. His name is Ashton. No, I don't remember the first name. Listen, he's the ideal type. He's about forty, but in make-up he'll look younger. And he's the dreamer type to a "t." The English accent? Say, didn't you hear Murray tell me he had the lead in "Is Zat So?" Sure, that ran two years on Broadway alone. Well, maybe not the lead, but he was the Englishman in it.

Now there you go. Don't I try to give you a break? That part ain't worth more than two hunard and I'm goin' out of my way by twenny-five bucks. See?

Now about the leadin' lady. I had her down here for two hunard, too, but since I'm payin' that guy two and a quarter, all I wanna pay the girl is a hunard and fifty. So—

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

THE MAGIC PENCIL

IT has occurred to me from time to time that I could prepare better estimates and land more contracts for my firm, to say nothing of catching up with my home work, if only I could get hold of a good pencil.

I owned one of the first refillable pencils that came on the market, presented to me by a friend who is an undertaker. This friend always has his pockets filled with charms and tokens which he hands out to acquaintances, much as one feeds candy to children. He imagines this wampum helps him in his business.

The undertaker's gift appeared to be silver, and had my initials etched upon its surface. I accepted it with pleasure, for I had almost despaired of doing big things with the pencils supplied at the office. The office pencils are wooden and of two kinds—one filled, I judge, with No. 2 gravel roofing, and the other possessed of a lead so yielding that a simple "Mr. Jones—Pls see me about these invoices" expends it and sends it, exhausted, back to the sharpener. Alas, the mortician's stylus afforded no relief. It was so shiny, so slippery, that I couldn't get a good grip on it. Moreover, it weighed nearly a pound, and a heavy clip attached to the flange, designed to fasten the pencil in the waistcoat pocket, gave it a list. This caused the clip to rub against the tendons between

ALL HANDS ON DECK
for a moonlight sail

THERE is often plenty of breeze after sunset — and that is the loveliest time for a good sail. If you live at the Orienta — Westchester's only waterfront apartment building —you can moor your sail boat or speed boat right outside your door, thus eliminating tiresome trips to yacht clubs and moorings. Besides, the beach is safe for children; high dives, low dives and floats will please the swimmers; there are tennis courts, a golf course, a large garage and private bath houses and showers in the basement. The Orienta is like all kinds of country clubs rolled into one and has excellent apartments with all outside rooms, and every comfort-making equipment. Deakman-Wells Co. Builders. George A. Bagge & Sons, Architects. Let our representative show you about.

The living room of this 2-room apartment is 14' x 22'. A door between the two Murphy beds discloses a large dressing room, bath and closet.

The ORIENTA
Mamaroneck-on-the-Sound

For the convenience of those tenants who don't want to go to the expense of joining a yacht club there are moorings and a float.

Renting Agent:
Fish & Marvin
521 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Murray Hill 6526

where *real* New Yorkers *really* live

Four Otis Elevators: *selective control type*

Large Livable Rooms

Dining Rooms and Dinettes *not alcoves*

Restaurant: *a splendid restaurant in the building, affording private apartment service when desired*

Fresh Air: *two outside exposures to each apartment, assuring cross ventilation*

Real Kitchens: *modern in efficiency of completeness and arrangements. Outside windows, assuring proper ventilation*

Individual Electric Refrigerators: *in each apartment, latest temperature control type*

Incinerator Service

Laundry: *complete electric laundry equipment available to all tenants without charge*

Private Bath: *with each bedroom*

Unusual Closet Space

Fireplace: *wood-burning fireplace in each living room*

Foyer: *a private foyer in each apartment*

Sound-proof Walls

Radiators: *concealed in walls, taking up no floor wall space*

Screens: *on all windows*

Awnings: *on all windows*

Loggias: *open, convertible for winter solariums in sixty percent of the apartments*

Garden Court: *within the wings of the building for small children and adults, affording nice outlook from the windows on this exposure*

Garage: *facilities conveniently available*

Illustrated Book will be sent without obligation upon request

THE WYCHWOOD

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Eighteen Gramercy Park

SOUTH

(East 20th St., Cor. Irving Place)

"The nicest place in New York for Women to live"

FULL HOTEL SERVICE

Rates: $2.50 to $4 per day
$15 to $25 per week

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Murray Hill

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(at Lexington Avenue)

Exceptionally Well Planned

3-4 & 5 Rooms

1 and 2 baths. Extra maids' lavatory, large foyer, refrigeration, etc. Moderately priced. Inquire on premises or

Phone Caledonia 4466

the base of the thumb and the index finger, which made writing a discomfort. The thing lies, unused, in my desk to this day, its color changed tc a ghastly yellow.

MY next adventure with refillable pencils was with a specimen given to me by another friend, a prominent insurance man. It came in a neat box which bore the manufacturer's directions for replacing the leads. When the original lead expired, I followed instructions implicitly, only to find, as has been my sad experience in other connections, that the manufacturer took a too rosy view of the situation. He stated that the stalk was charged with extra leads and that one need merely press on a spot indicated on the midriff to cause a new lead to be fed into the plunger. I tried pressing, then gradually worked up to a Swedish massage. Nothing happened. In the end I had to abandon the project.

I was unwilling to give up this pencil. It gave a pleasing two-tone effect to my waistcoat. For a time I carried it as a spare, together with two standard-gauge pencils in robin's-egg blue. Subsequently, however, I gave up this equipment. At a party one night a low comedian, noticing the pencils clasped to my pocket, asked me if I wouldn't play something on them. I'd have given them up anyway.

IT was while I was in quest of a new pencil that a member of the Waldo T. Tupper Organization, Inc., which puts on trade shows and exhibits, gave me a new refillable. He said Mr. Tupper wanted me to have one. "Oh shucks," I said to myself, "it'll be the same old trouble all over again." But I came to like Mr. Tupper's pencil very much. It was black, non-skidding, and not too fat. I found that one need not hold engineer's papers to recharge the lead. I, who can't shift gears without scraping, have done it in five minutes flat. Notwithstanding all this, and that it is now fully five weeks since I adopted Mr. Tupper's pencil as standard equipment, I still haven't landed a contract. I have an idea that the really perfect pencil is yet to be invented. —GEORGE CECIL COWING

•

CULTURED ex-lithographer, white, 45, with gold teeth, desires to get in touch with seven or eight musically inclined ladies in search of adventure.—*Cupid's Columns, St. Paul.*

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The Shelton Looms

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Le désarmement ? Pour les femmes, ça n'existe pas. Chaque soir elles se préparent à des combats sans pitié — l'une avec ses bijoux, l'autre avec ses robes — Mais la femme avisée se fie à un parfum de Lenthéric — et ne s'inquiète plus. —

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ANNIVERSARY

A LETTER that came from France the other day, bearing the postmark of Saint-Mihiel, has flooded my thoughts with recollections of the jubilant day—it fell in this very week in 1918—when the German Army relinquished its four-year grip on the town.

Out of all the figures that throng my memories of the day of deliverance the clearest is that of the gaunt old Curé with the shining eyes—the Canon Simonin, *Curé-doyen* of Saint-Mihiel. The dreadful September of 1914 had found him a fat, jovial priest, beloved of the parishes over which he ruled. The four years of the occupation gave him the edge of a scimitar.

Those years had been the harder to bear because Saint-Mihiel lay so close to the long-motionless line—so close that the Curé, from the eleventh-century belfry of his church, could actually see the little figures in *horizon bleu* drinking *pinard* in their trenches. I imagine that the German commandant found the old man none too easy to deal with. He was so uppity when there would be a bombardment, and, while the German officers all hustled into the *abris*, the Curé and his mother remained ostentatiously above ground, serene in the conviction (not misplaced, as it turned out) that the shells from the good French cannon would never hit *them*. Indeed, he was so exasperating that for several months, and for reasons not vouchsafed, they gave him the chastening taste of a German prison.

Ironically enough, it was the very eve of the day so long prayed for which was the bitterest of all. The first hint of the German decision to retreat came in the form of an order to every able-bodied man between the ages of sixteen and forty-five to report in the square beside the cemetery and be ready to go with them. Their belongings following by truck, they were to go afoot, a wretched herd, with a whip cracking behind them. You can see the picture of that parting, the men and boys huddled in the rain, their mothers, wives, and children in a weeping circle around them. Erect in the centre of the group the lean priest stood, his eyes big with compassion and prophecy, his hands outstretched in benediction.

His first inquiry, as our troops came into the town, concerned the fate of these lost sheep. I promised him I would find out. It was then he told me of the four years. I was surprised that one so old could still have a mother among the living. But yes. A cheery soul, she was, going on eighty-eight. She had shown more spirit than anyone else. When the departing vandals carried off the very blanket from her ancient knees, she had merely laughed at them.

"Indeed," the Curé told me, "she has complained of only one thing. In four years, she has not had any candy."

I chuckled at that on my way up the road, and remembered it a few hours later when I found a Salvation Army booth dispensing an extremely tasty confection in the form of candied fruits. They were selling these sweets (Y.M.C.A. house organs please copy) for a dollar a box. I bought one, and a few days later had a chance to drop off a truck and leave it at the Curé's house in the Rue Carnot, entrusting it to the *bonne*, for Monsieur le Curé's mother, with the compliments *du Président Veelsong*. Then I could go on my way, feeling obscurely, I suppose, that somehow the Kaiser had been foiled again.

FIVE years later I was recounting this adventure to Donald Ogden Stewart, of all people. For reasons which now escape me, he and I were motoring together across the strip of still blasted countryside that lies along the Meuse. I have a souvenir of the trip in the form of one of his books, inscribed to me thus:

> To Alexander Woollcott, with whom I visited the battlefields of France. It shall not happen again.
> STEWART.

On this day, a sudden shower had driven us to the nearest town, which chanced to be Saint-Mihiel, and when the skies cleared, after luncheon, he was all for going to see if Monsieur le Curé were still alive. I supposed the old priest would scarcely remember one who was no longer clad in helmet and olive drab, and who had become—well, shall we say less gaunt?—since 1918. But I could tell him that I had been in Saint-Mihiel on its great day, and we would have things to talk about. A few minutes later Stewart and I were tugging at the bell pull in the Rue Carnot. The same *bonne* took one look and clattered down the tiled hallway, beckoning us to follow and roaring through the half-open door of her master's study, "It is one of your Americans come back again."

Older and more hawklike than ever, he arose and peered at me in the dusk of his study. Then suddenly both arms went out in the most heart-warming gesture that ever I saw in my life. "Mother of God," he said, "it is the fat soldier with spectacles who spoiled my little *maman* with his American bonbons."

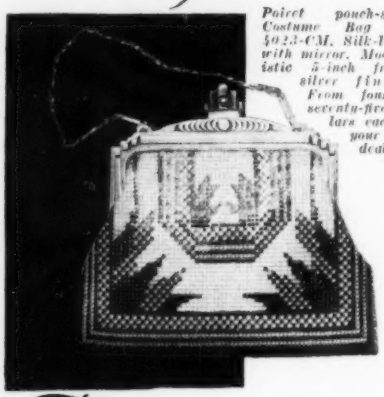
IT would be a most shoddy pretense to omit here an admission that I could scarcely see the old Curé for the tears that filled my eyes. What a time we had that afternoon, the three of us—drinking up the Benedictine left over from the christening of the new *cloches* which had just been hung in the belfry to replace those the Germans carried off to melt into cannon. And his mother? Bless you, yes. There she was in the courtyard, telling her beads at a great rate. Her son knelt on the flagging beside her and roared in her ear that she was having another visit from the American who had once come a-sparking her with a box of candy.

I swore then that I would never venture into that house again without the precaution of bringing another box. But now my letter from Saint-Mihiel tells me I need not bring one next time. I will find the Canon Simonin well and full of spunk, for all the fact that he broke his leg recently, and must needs hobble about his parish with a stick. But his mother lies in the churchyard. She did not quite live to be a hundred, which must have made her furious.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Alice White
First National Star

A New Form of Temptation



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Summer Symphonies—A Hint for the Stadium

WHEN THE NEW YORKER and I were younger, this department used to be the champion of summer music. The Goldman Band Concerts were subjected to careful analyses; the Stadium Concerts were reported as though they were quivering novelties; every *al fresco* performance of "Aïda" (and one summer there were three of them) was dissected far more scientifically than any "Aïda" of recent years at the Metropolitan.

Whether summer music has rolled into obvious grooves or whether I have lost my *goût* for symphonies-on-the-subway and opera-under-the-elevated I cannot tell; but the musical fare available between May and September this year was not extraordinarily enticing. I do not mean that the Goldman Band and the Philharmonic-Symphony did not do good jobs, or that the scattered "Aïdas" (in summer, every Italian opera gets to sound like "Aïda") did not have their merits. It is simply that this summer was a repetition of its predecessors. Perhaps nobody knows where are the snows of yesteryear, but almost anybody can inform you what has become of the music of last year's summer: it is repeated without much variation in the following summer.

THE Stadium reports its best season, and the Stadium deserves every dollar's worth of patronage that it receives, for the programs are made up without much concession to the fancied vagaries of off-season requirements. One of the battalion of correspondents to the music editor of the *Times* recently complained about "freak" attractions at the Stadium—an assault, by implication, on such specialists as the Denishawns, Miss Anna Duncan, the American Opera Company, George Gershwin, and the Hall Johnson Singers. The gradual increase in such "freaks," I think, is a eupeptic symptom. It indicates that the Stadium management is not content with bread-and-butter programs.

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certs are prepared with a minimum of rehearsals and that the high level of performance is maintained in some degree by the inclusion of many compositions with which the Philharmonic-Symphony is as familiar as it is with the droll advertisement in all Stadium programs which urges patrons to "sit pretty on a soft, dry mat." Yet perhaps there may be sufficient rehearsal time to permit a bit of laboratory work. The Stadium audiences, so far as I can learn, come to hear standard symphonies, symphonic poems, and Wagnerian excerpts. Musical novelties, of themselves, do not affect the box office, although an unhackneyed symphony or other major work may fail to lure this somewhat homogeneous public to its soft, dry mats. Most Stadium programs contain one or more fillers—Brahms Hungarian Dances, the Rakoczy March, and the like. Once upon a time these bits were of immense interest to the Stadium sitters; today they are commonplaces because they have become the chief supports of "classic" radio hours.

The Stadium could perform a brilliant service by replacing the present set of fillers with short novelties or excerpts from novelties. Here is the setting for the young composer who has few opportunities for a hearing. Most of the critics are away in summer, and the new music will not be treated too harshly. If the audience is not overenthusiastic, the Stadium management loses nothing, because the Tschaikowsky or Rimski-Korsakov magnet on the program is the matter of moment for the listeners. This notion might entail additional rehearsal costs—well, here's a chance for some patron of music to do something worth while by contributing the amount necessary.

THE Stadium was most fortunate in its conductors this year. Mr. Van Hoogstraten was better than ever, and Mr. Coates, whose previous adventures in town were not always happy, finally came into his own as director, musician, and composer. No; the three terms are not necessarily inclusive. It also was a felicitous stroke to introduce to concert audiences David Mendoza and Eugene Ormandy, both of whom proved that they are ready for further appearances under august auspices.

As for summer opera—that still remains to be tried in some auditorium where the voices can be heard.

—R. A. S.

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BURGLAR PROOF—MAYBE

THE old-fashioned burglar who pries open the kitchen window in the dead of night and, gun in hand, tries to make off with the family silver, is passé. This I have learned from a fairly extensive career as a burglar. I have worked nearly every form of the game as far as dwellings are concerned, in some part of the country, and thoroughly enjoyed it. There is a glamour in constantly seeming to live on tiptoes and no other business gives it to you in the same degree.

During my career I never carried arms nor used force on anyone. Invariably I entered through the front door; I wouldn't know a jimmy if I saw one. I started at the bottom—the easiest method of operating. In all cities are small hotels and apartment houses wherein the guests are requested to hang their keys on a rack when they go out, though there is neither clerk nor bellboy on duty. Nominally the landlady is watching the place, but when she goes shopping there are the keys unprotected. Walk in, prowl the place, and leave, returning the key to the rack: the papers call this the work of a pass-key burglar.

Though a hit-or-miss profession, it gave me a fairly decent living, and also an entrée to burglardom. Mingling with other prowlers I learned a lot. It was, however, too much like taking candy from a child; ambition stirred in me.

I decided to try the "hot prowl." Every morning, dressed my best, I worked from one-thirty to four. I carried no keys nor anything that would suggest my vocation. On the "hot prowl" you walk through hotels, trying doors. In a night's work you will find three or four that are open: you sneak in, rifle the sleeper's clothes and dresser, and leave. It seemed like a promotion to me, though in truth it doesn't pay well except on the eve of a holiday or on Saturday nights when many people, for various reasons, forget to lock their doors.

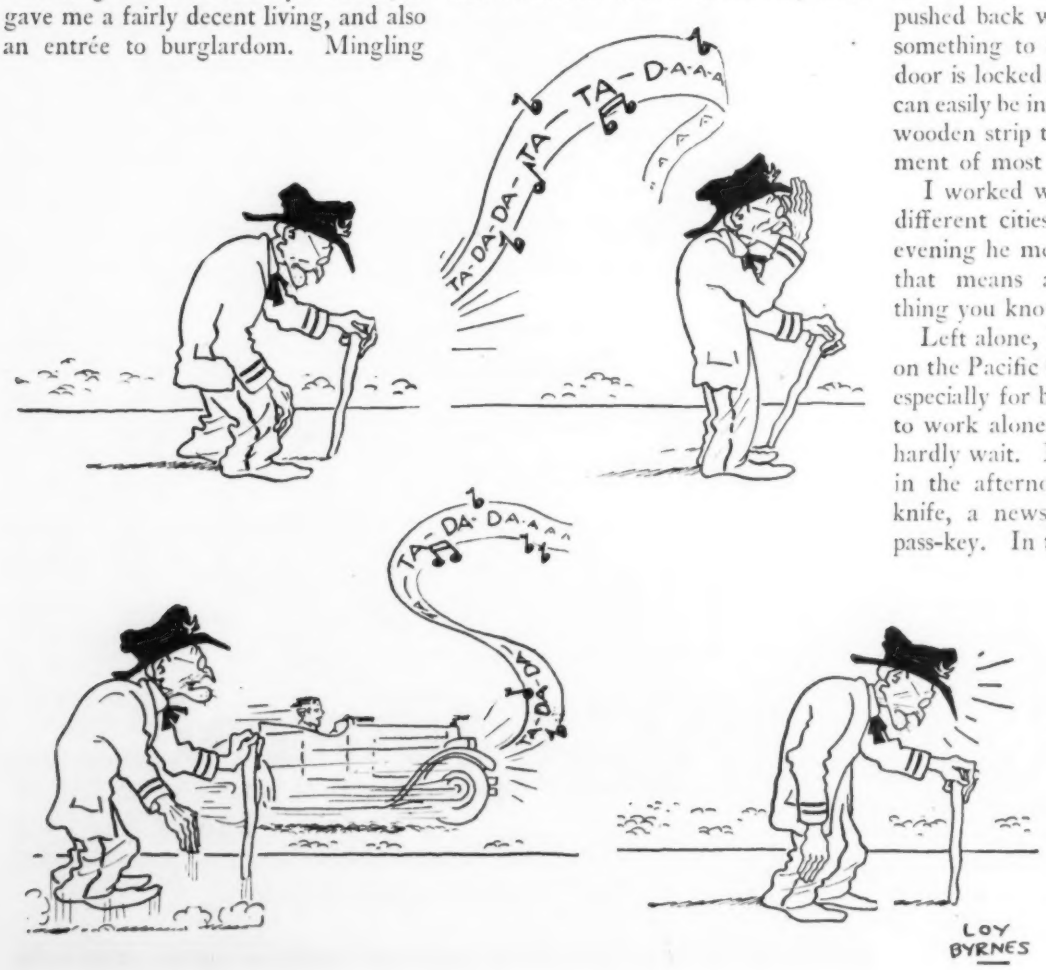
IT was the death of a confrère that turned me to higher fields. A sleeper woke up and shot him. I took stock. I had money, clothes, and confidence, but no assurance for the future. Besides, I knew I hardly merited the name of burglar; any bricklayer or butcher could have performed as well. I didn't even know how to open a locked door. I was only a sneak thief. But I resolved not to be beaten; there were men who knew how to open locked doors. I would learn from them. In our set, however, inquisitiveness is bad form. For my questions I got suspicious glances and worse. (I want to say here, however, that nothing can hold back a man who has real determination.)

I went to another city, with my mind made up to bluff my way into the most select circles. There, on giving out word that I was wanted in three cities, I was received with open arms by the élite, and in particular by a chap, young in years but old in thievery, to whom I took an immediate fancy. We got along famously: he also was lying low. When it seemed safe, I told him how little I knew and he agreed to be my tutor. Ray was known as "The Furrier" and his first advice was to steal nothing but furs, jewelry, and cash. He was an expert and he taught me everything he knew—how to detect inferior pieces, what prices they should bring and where, and also how to get the goods.

Ray specialized in manipulating spring locks with slant-edged bolts, known technically as latch-locks. He showed me how these bolts can be pushed back with a match. You need something to reach the bolt when the door is locked: a case-knife is ideal. It can easily be inserted back of the narrow wooden strip that is found on the casement of most doors.

I worked with Ray nearly a year in different cities. Then at a party one evening he met a girl "on the gun"—that means a pickpocket—and first thing you know they got married.

Left alone, I went on to a large city on the Pacific Coast which seemed built especially for burglars. So eager was I to work alone once more that I could hardly wait. I started out at one-thirty in the afternoon, equipped with case-knife, a newspaper, a hairpin, and a pass-key. In the city's best district was a likely-looking flat, on the second floor. The front door was easy. The hall door of the flat was locked with a straight key which was in the keyhole on the inner side. In such a case the adept pushes the newspaper under the door directly under the keyhole; the hairpin dislodges the key,



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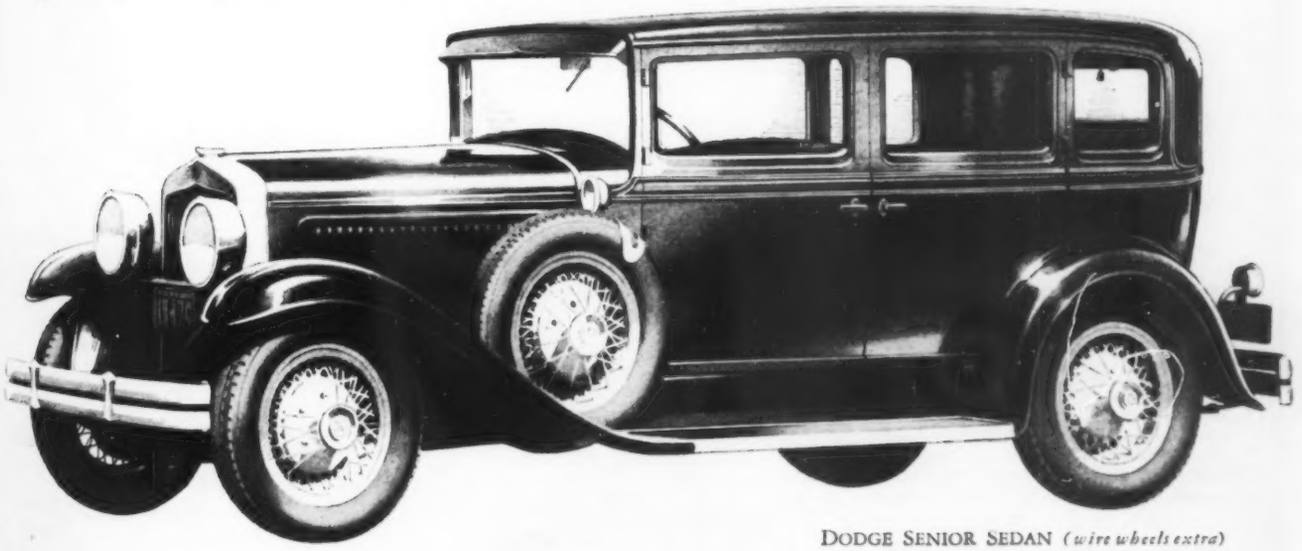

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Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

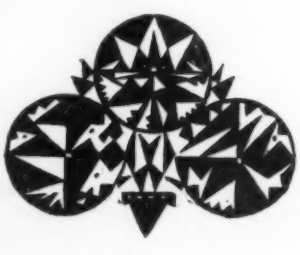
Entire contents © 1929, John David

which falls on the paper; you pull the paper back, and the key with it. The loot here included a mink coat which, the papers said, was worth twenty-five hundred dollars. I got one hundred and fifty for it. It would have been a still more successful day but for the barking of a dog in an even more promising apartment. Dogs were always my arch-enemies.

Before prowling any place it is customary to ring or knock, to make sure no one is home. When a woman answered, Ray, who looked young, would tell her how he was working his way through school by soliciting subscriptions to a newspaper. I always played the house-to-house solicitor, selling vacuum cleaners, polish, notions or photographs, and even burglar alarms. Vacuum cleaners were a good bet, as I generally managed to clean the carpet in the bedroom and spy out the furs and jewelry, but burglar alarms I found the safest, as the people would generally refuse to listen, saying, "Burglars never come around this neighborhood."

BURGLARY paid well in that town, and before long I was fairly prosperous and had quite a reputation in the underworld. The police, also, were beginning to recognize my work, so for safety's sake I made arrangements with a real-estate dealer, who stood ready to prove that I was working for him as a salesman.

It seemed child's play for me to beat any latch or straight lock, but one day I received a shock. "Irish Kitty," a "booster" or shoplifter, whom I liked immensely, came to me one morning and said her squirrel coat had been taken from her apartment by some burglar. Would I get it back? I promised. After all, there should be some fellow-feeling in this world. I got a tip that "Main Street Tommy" had the coat. There was no use talking to him, so I set out to prowl his apartment. Once inside, I found I was up against it: in the keyhole of a closet, which I felt certain contained the fur, was a plug that refused to be dislodged. That irked my professional pride. Finally I took the door off its hinges and Kitty got her coat back. Incidentally, when



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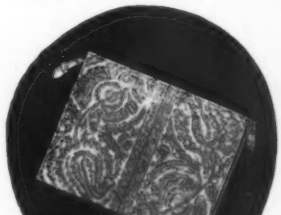

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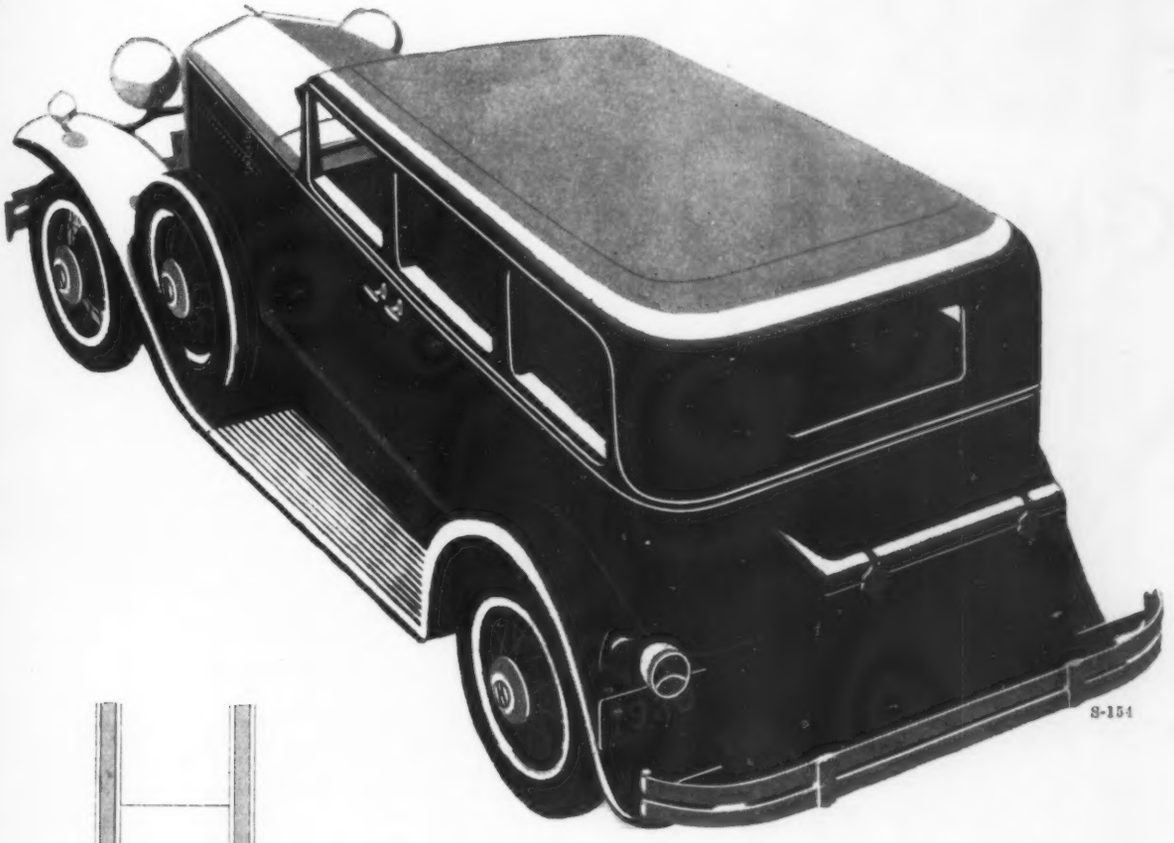

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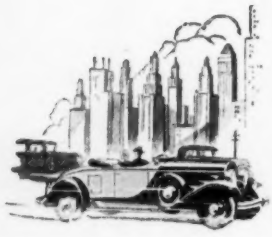

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"Main Street Tommy" set up a howl, I took great pleasure in consoling him. I bought one of these plugs and studied it for hours, but couldn't beat it. It is really a key with a detachable plug. Having locked the door, you insert the plug into the keyhole and withdraw the key; the plug catches and can't be removed except by its key. I have them in all my doors now.

ONE night about this time I noticed a woman leaving a theatre. She wore a sable coat such as one might seek for years on end. I followed her home and later prowled the place several times, touching nothing, for evidently the woman wore her fur whenever she left the house. On one visit I noticed three or four letters on the dresser. I read one casually; the writer was a close friend who lived in a nearby town called, say, Jonesville. Also, I discovered that the woman with the coat was named Catharine, or Katsy for short. That was enough for me. "Big Fred" was a former policeman who had been broken for drunkenness, and he wanted revenge on the cops. For a flat fee he secured a false police shield. The next day, having phoned the woman and found she was home, we drove out. I dropped off around the corner. Fred rang the doorbell, showed the badge, and told the woman he had been sent to take her to a hospital to identify an unconscious woman who had been hurt in an accident—this was Katsy, wasn't it, who had a friend in Jonesville? Well, her name and address had been found in the purse of the injured woman and . . . "Katsy" dashed to the automobile without even taking her hat. I had the fur, and a diamond ring too, before Fred turned her loose at the entrance of some hospital.

The next day a detective named Brady hailed me and told all about the previous day's theft. "Big Fred" must have squealed, but Brady just mentioned casually that he was about to become engaged to a girl. I slipped him the diamond ring and we parted. The fur was harder to get rid of; my "fences" thought it too valuable. It was "Irish Kitty" who helped me out of the difficulty; she introduced me to a fur dealer who paid a good price for the coat and sent it to his brother, who had a fur store in a distant city. Each brother had a good many such coats; a new lining and a little alteration here and there and the owners themselves would never know them.

The police were becoming rather an-

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noying, Brady in particular; he was the only man who knew me and every time I met him he needed a little money. So I moved again, to a fairly large and prosperous city of the South, where I was a gentleman of leisure till I got my bearings. I made a few bets on the horse races with a chap named Ed who had a cigar stand downtown; through sheer luck I won most of them, and this made me a smart guy in Ed's estimation. He offered me a good proposition. He had a lot of friends among a certain class of men and women who were generally on the move and who lived in good apartment houses; he had an agreement with most of these people that they would bring him their keys shortly before they checked out. Ed would have duplicates made and return the originals. He had a big bunch of keys and I was what he wanted—someone new in the town and unknown. For thirty per cent of the loot, the keys were placed at my disposal and generally I used two a day. As an alibi, I worked behind his cigar counter four or five hours every day. My risks were slight and work was steady; this was the most profitable period of my career. In two months he bought a new car and another store, and I had plenty. We worked together for eight months and then he too decided to get married and follow the straight and narrow; he sold the keys to "Gold Tooth Billy" for enough for a splurgy honeymoon.

A THRIVING city of the Middle West was my next stop, and there I met an ambitious room clerk of a small but smart hotel. Superficially he was the ideal clerk, but I got his number. He took me up on my proposition: as with all such hypocrites, his only fear was that I would betray him, despite the fact that I knew he would not hesitate to squeal on me to save himself. He worked nights. Having decided on some guest as a prospect, he would notify me and I would register at the hotel, carrying an empty bag. After sitting a while in the lobby, I would saunter to the desk and, presumably, be handed my key. In reality it would be the key to the room which I was to prowl. Then I would get a locksmith to make a duplicate key. The actual theft would not be committed till the following day, when my confederate would be off duty. Of course, this scheme can't be worked often, but with a smart clerk to help it can be done with impunity. This fellow, however, was always accusing me of hold-

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ing out on him; he was too unsafe.

Friends told me that Brady had been dismissed from the police force out West, so I went back there and renewed old acquaintances. This time I met and worked with "Bald Mac," a very capable "locater." He was a college graduate, a wonderful talker and, on occasion, a gentleman to the fingertips. We never spoke on the street or in any public place; his duty was to spot likely prospects and to hold them while I performed the actual burglary. Our last job was the best. He had scraped an acquaintance with some woman in an art gallery. She had some diamonds and furs which I secured while she, in company with Mac, was attending a "hard times" party—at these affairs the guests wear only old clothes.

After Mac, there was "London Charlie," who had an international reputation. When he invited me to work with him I felt highly complimented. He operated solely in the homes of the wealthy. We made one wonderful haul in the house of a millionaire merchant, but I was terribly scared and resolved that once was enough. In his next venture Charlie and the equally notorious "Count" were killed trying to secure a painting which had just been brought to this country by a railroad magnate. That started a hue and cry.

The police met the clamor by starting a round-up. I had expected this and acted accordingly. While I was congratulating myself on my cleverness in avoiding arrest, I was taken to police headquarters and identified by a former "fence" of mine. Another friend of mine, to clear himself, helped to build a case against me, and in hardly no time I was whisked away.

IN prison I met "Big Fred" and Brady. Later came the lawyer who had defended me at my trial, charged with receiving stolen property, a business I knew he had been engaged in for a long time. To cap the climax, a year later, while celling with Brady, we were given an additional cellmate. His face looked very familiar, as indeed it should. I finally placed the fellow. He was the judge who had presided over my preliminary trial; strangely enough, the three of us were fast friends during our prison term. —JAMES GROVER

•

A calf with one eye is the property of Simon Bettis, who lives here. The animal grazes in circles.—*Haines City (Fla.) Herald.*

The best circles, we hope.

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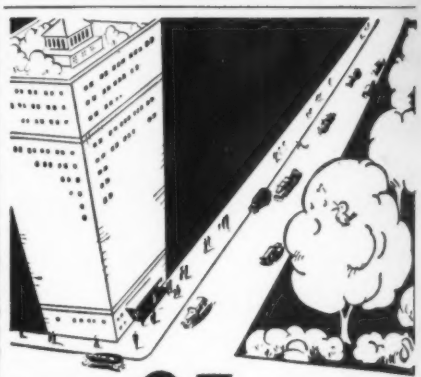

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EACH DAY, bright or dull, winds its way at nightfall down to life's most suave and civilized ceremony. Savor . . . good-humor . . . elegance . . . nourishing pleasure: These are the urbane obligations of "Dinner," obligations that climax in the fragrant institution of "Coffee." It is a good moment that merits congenial company, the fortunate light of candles, the subtle reflections from immaculate linen and sparkling service, the boon of fine tobacco and the easy spice of amiable wit.

"Coffee," with all its delightful accompaniments, depends—perhaps more than any other part of dinner—on the cultured perfection of its surrounding atmosphere. And here are little cups of exquisite glass which, when filled with rich, dark coffee, become veritable jewels catching the light, decorating well-groomed hands, setting the tone of that very atmosphere in which the pleasantries of conversation flourish.

THESE *little coffee cups of surpassing Fostoria glass come in Topaz, Dawn, Amber, Green and Azure shades, as well as clear and etched white Crystal, just like the Fostoria large coffee cups, serving dishes and decorative glassware. It will surprise you, perhaps, to know that this lovely, fragile-seeming glass is more durable than china, being less susceptible to rapid changes in extremes of temperature. . . . We shall be pleased to send you "The New Little Book About Glassware." It contains illustrated suggestions regarding the use of glass, not only for decorative purposes, but for complete table settings that include everything from stemmed glasses, through dinner plates and sauce boats, to coffee cups. The Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va.*

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When the market collapses and your broker makes a margin call, and your bank balance is $1.47, *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

"But John, why shouldn't I appear in the Pageant like this?"
"Why Woman, it would be suicide! The instant you came on, the entire audience would race right home for their Flit."

Advertisement

THE ART GALLERIES

Potpourri — Haze and Romance—No Surrender

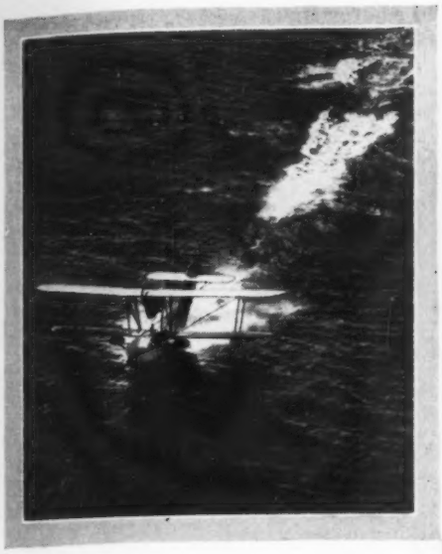
WEYHE provides a sort of appetizer to the new season, a show that contains something by each painter who will later hold a one-man exhibition in the gallery. Also, Carl Zigrosser has returned from Paris with the summer's loot, now waiting its turn at the customs, and reports that an additional territory has been explored. For the first time—at this house, anyway—some attention will be paid to the modern Dutch. Now and then we have seen a little of their work at the International Show and at the affairs scrambled together by the Brooklyn Museum. Zigrosser feels that the time is now auspicious for the successors of the old masters to have their say.

The current show makes a feature of some new paintings by Victoria Hutson. She is a sensitive worker, and really has more beauty in her painting than her present very tight technique would indicate. As many women painters do, she follows patterns and often becomes lost in the details of her method. We liked her simpler pictures better than her complicated study of zinnias.

Vincent Canade is still devoted to his poetic hills and trees; and one of his newer studies has a pleasant loose quality that he seldom employs. George Biddle, a facile and somewhat handsome painter, shows samples of the various locales he has visited in the past few years. Then there are the Rockwell Kents, always a feature of this house. One or two Marins are in the show, and these somehow seemed to bring the new season a little nearer port.

Rivera, Vlaminck, Laurençin, Matisse are all represented in their lighter moments. The exhibition is particularly rich in the black-and-whites of the artists that Weyhe has fostered: Peggy Bacon and Mabel Dwight.

A VISIT to the current show at the Milch Galleries made us realize several things. The old boys were good when they had a certain hazy, romantic aura. This emporium, devoted as it is to the standard American



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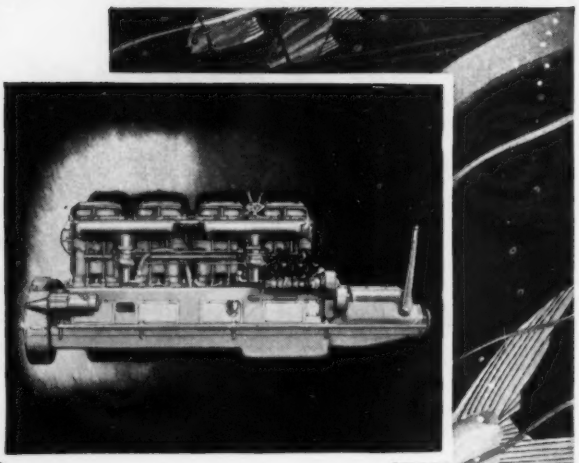

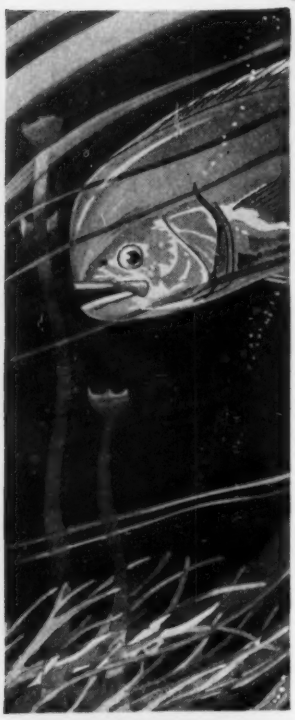

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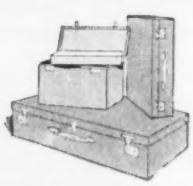

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paintings and sculpture, hangs the new as well as the old. Looking over the lot, we feel that after all the latter came closer to achievement. Before argument sets in, we admit that there were not so many persons conscious of good painting then, and perhaps painters did have an easier time of it, merely by writing the magic N. A. after their signatures. Granting this, however, their stuff does seem to have more spirit than that of their successors. Though surer of their public than the contemporary journeyman is, the men of the old school seemed to feel a deeper obligation to their canvas. This works itself out rather like a paradox, but we can't do anything more about it without running into libel suits.

Among the men in the transitional period, we have always liked the frank poetic sweetness of Metcalf. His work never pretended to be Monet; it was always Metcalf. John Noble, too, comes under the heading of those who inherited that sort of reverent seriousness toward what they were trying to accomplish. Childe Hassam passed his period of exciting endeavor when he quit the frank Impressionist influence. As for the rest, we think they take their work a bit lightly. Not even time will add to their stature.

WORD comes that Alfred Stieglitz will not retire, as a tragic rumor had it this spring. Forced out of the Anderson Galleries by real-estate values, he will find some other quarters. For years he has conducted an amazing four-ring circus in his little Room 303, accomplishing the trying feat of being ringmaster for the American public and, at the same time, practical friend to the American artist. As he proudly claimed, he was not a dealer; but as a disseminator of a certain kind of energy (which in a less selfconscious country might be called art spirit), he took all prizes. This autumn, Stieglitz will open an office and let the public have access to the artists he sponsors: Marin, Dove, O'Keeffe, Hartley, Demuth, Lachaise. At present he is flying back and forth from Lake George, having taken up aviation at a time when most of us contemplate wheel chairs.—M. P.

•

To the Commercial Appeal: So much is being said about hell and heaven of late, I thought I would write a letter to the editor of the Commercial Appeal. —*Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal.*

At last a real constructive idea.

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, SEPT. 4

SINCE the days when Mrs. Patrick Campbell first said "bloody" on an English stage, Mr. Bernard Shaw has delighted to set the English public about the ears. He combines the offices of Peter Pan and the famous *enfant terrible* of the old *Punch* pictures.

I have not seen "The Apple Cart" but the critics have, and the holy horror of these gentlemen is a delight. Just exactly what is wrong with "The Apple Cart" has so far failed to emerge through the barrage of slightly veiled expletives. They say it is dull, boring, vulgar, and ridiculous. St. John Ervine is the only man who has the foresight to stand up for it, and it is quite certain that St. John Ervine will be proved justified in the end. In the van of the destroyers comes Hannen Swaffer, that strange Dickensian figure in modern journalism. Hannen Swaffer says "The Apple Cart" is "absurd" and, in a terrified frenzy of criticism, adds that "Androcles and the Lion" was a clumsy jest, and the three evenings of "Back to Methuselah" dreary rubbish. It is a little pathetic.

Hannen Swaffer is one of the picturesque sights of London. First-nighters are accustomed to seeing him leaning thoughtfully against a wall (never sitting in a seat) with a long thin finger to his chin, and one of those Bohemian ties that go twice round the neck before ending in a floppy bow. He is considered in Fleet Street to be hard-boiled, yet he is bitten with spiritualism, holding interminable nocturnal conversations with the ghost of Lord Northcliffe in the house of Dennis Bradley, the literary Bond Street tailor.

WHILE the intellectual giants are still battling over the prostrate effigies of Lord Haig and his charger, and even the Epstein figures on the Temple of the Winds look apprehensive of a mixed reception, there comes a young sculptor who really does produce something very modern but worth while. His name is Maurice Lambert, and he belongs to a brilliant family. His brother, Constant, though in the early twenties, had an

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opera produced at Covent Garden this year.

Maurice Lambert disdains the use of stone or clay and works in polished aluminum, concrete, and tin. His statues are even less exact copies of their subjects than Epstein's, yet they are triumphantly recognizable. His "Sea Birds," a glittering metallic thing, is indisputably sculpture of sea birds, though in truth it is difficult to be certain whether there is one bird or four. I liked best his enchanting study of a hooked salmon, on a beautifully doubled rod. The peculiarity of the fish is that it has been divided in three planes, each having an odd lack of relation to the next. Put a straight stick half into water and you will see the reason. Mr. Lambert's fish looks positively more like a hooked salmon than it would if it were all in one piece.

MORE than one London bobby has been baffled by a new Rolls-Royce that has been nosing its way in the traffic during the past few days, for its number-plate bears a squiggle and nothing more. The squiggle is borne proudly, a tadpole of a hieroglyphic in a great expanse of plate, and I have seen a pretty wrinkling of brows as the thing goes by. It belongs to Lord Lloyd, former High Commissioner for Egypt, who has just been forcibly "resigned" by Arthur Henderson under rather sensational circumstances. Lord Lloyd was one of the most decorative of His Majesty's representatives abroad, for he believed in impressing the native with a gray tall hat and the most rigid ceremonial.

He was returning from some state occasion one afternoon recently, in the gray top hat and the gray Rolls, and as he stepped out, called to his aide-de-camp: "I shan't want the car again today."

"God," said the A. D. C. to the chauffeur, thinking himself out of earshot, "will not be requiring his chariot any further."

"God," said Lord Lloyd, coming unexpectedly from behind the car, "will also not be requiring his A. D. C."

—A. G.

•

Hogs should be washed and oiled by rubbing with an oily rag. They should be taught to drive by tapping them on the head with a stick to guide them.—*Albany (Ga.) Times Herald.*

Now we'd like to hear the hog's side of it.

"What is fashion without fashionable toiletries?"

Lucretia Vanderbilt

answers this important question for the women of America

Fashion in toiletries is as essential as fashion in dress. And my modern creations, known as Lucretia Vanderbilt Toiletries, are fully in keeping with the mode of today and tomorrow.

Originally compounded for my personal use, these Aristocrats of Toiletries were but recently introduced to the fashionable women of America.

And now I will reveal the secret of their popularity! A seductive, provocative odeur that suggests all the mystery, the gayety, the charm of old France . . . an odeur with instant and lasting appeal . . . to milady . . . and to him who does her honor.

My perfume, powder, lipstick and compacts all breathe the same exotic scent. And each of these smart toiletries is encased in a rich blue and silver container that adds so much to the personality of the Aristocrats of Toiletries.

PERFUME: The smartest of perfumes. Sensually oriental. Comes in a gorgeous blue Parisian crystal flask with silvered base, in fadeproof satin receptacle, lined in silver. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6.

FACE POWDER: In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt Perfume. The downy velour puff is fastened in and kept separate from the powder. Price $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

DOUBLE COMPACT: Contains powder, Natural or Rachel, and rouge in Medium, Crimson, or Vivid. When opened, the thin metal case reveals powder, rouge and mirror, a handy and time-saving feature. Price, with metal mirror and two puffs of downy wool, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

TRIPLE COMPACT: Identical with my Double Compact, except that a dainty Lucretia Vanderbilt Lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

LIPSTICK: Four shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite. The latter, when applied, changes from an orange tint to vivid red, according to skin texture. This stick moves in and out, pencil-fashion. Price, $1. Refills, 50¢.

PERFUME: *Purse Size;* My seductive perfume, in a dainty flask for the purse. Encased in soft leather of rich blue . . . quite the smartest and most intimate of beauty accessories. Price $2.50.

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for 25 cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 116 Grassmere Avenue, Fairfield, Connecticut, mentioning dealer's name and address and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

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N Yrkr 9-14

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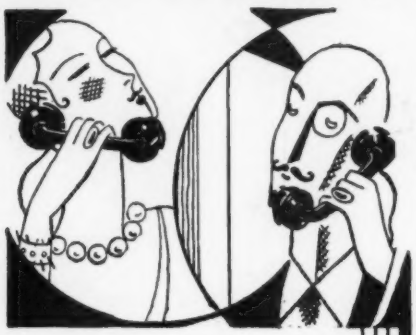

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THE TENNCOU

Wide Open—Mr. Tild quarter

THERE have been more brilliant fields than the one entered last week in the Men's National Championships, but there was some compensation for the absence of such stars as the French players, for as a result the galleries went out to Forest Hills each day not knowing what the afternoon's play held in store. With both Cochet and Lacoste not entered, the tournament was almost as much an open event as the golf championship at Pebble Beach became when Jones went out in the first round.

It is true that Tilden stood out as the favorite, but not in the solitary grandeur of the years of his invincibility, nor with the vividness with which Cochet overtopped the field in 1928, and Lacoste did in 1927. It is also true that nine people out of ten believed George Lott was the one man in the tournament Tilden had to fear; and yet, so thickly was the draw studded with talent that one did not feel safe in laying big odds that either of them would come through to the final.

TILDEN's quarter was the weakest on paper, with John Van Ryn the only player of international reputation to oppose his progress to the semi-finals. In the opening round, however, his path was crossed by Donald Strachan, a pupil whom he has taught so well that for at least a set the youngster can play good enough tennis to bother almost any one. After Strachan, Frank Shields bobbed up. Shields has every natural qualification of a champion, and knows how to make the most of them. So, in reality, the only easy round that Tilden faced on paper was his third, with Van Ryn looming up as his logical opponent in the next one.

Take the second quarter of the draw. Here we had Doeg at the top, H. W. Austin at the bottom, and in between, Berkeley Bell, Dr. George King, Julius Seligson, Ned Herndon, Watson Washburn, and Bruce Barnes. It would be a bold prophet who would make any definite prediction as to which of these would come through. Austin, on the form he showed at Wimbledon, was the logical choice; but the Austin of Wimbledon wasn't the Austin American galleries have seen in action at Rye, Southampton, and Newport. That

COURTS

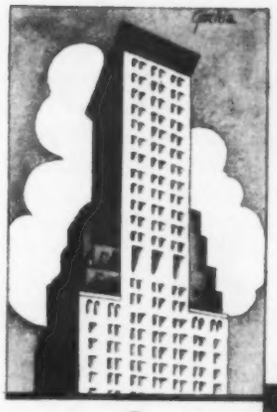
Quarter—Top and Bottom

he would reach the quarter-finals was doubtful in the minds of many, with the wiry, indefatigable Bell blocking his way; and whether he would get into the semi-finals seemed to depend on whether or not Doeg was getting his first service in, the service that scored more than twenty aces for him when he defeated Van Ryn in the East-West matches.

THERE wasn't any such doubt about Lott's coming through to the quarter-finals, even though he faced two masters of the American twist service in his first two matches, with Wilmer Allison to be reckoned with later. Down in the lower half of his quarter, barring the way to the semi-finals, stood Fritz Mercur, and when Mercur's gleaming strokes, with their short back-swing which he acquired in Switzerland, are in working order, neither Lott nor Tilden can afford to let his thoughts stray.

HUNTER faced as stiff a task as any man in the tournament. To start with, he had to get by Eddie Jacobs, whose left-handed delivery can be as much of a puzzler as Doeg's, and often travels faster. Jacobs' backhand is never uncertain, and his low drop volleys and high smashes are equally conclusive. Beating Jacobs, Hunter earned himself the job of curbing a forehand that Tilden says is the best in American tennis—Junior Coen's. I have seen that forehand keep Tilden winging along the baseline like a pendulum. It's the kind of stroke which Tilden claims is the winning one in tennis today. It is short and compact, and meets the ball on the rise. The stroke itself travels about as far as one of Dempsey's lefts. If Coen had a better second service (which Tilden nevertheless says is a good one), the public wouldn't be wondering how long it is going to take him to fulfill the promise he showed in 1928.

AT the tail end of this last quarter of the draw were Gregory Mangin, Arnold Jones, Dr. Carl Fischer, Richard Norris Williams II, and Norman Farquharson, of Cambridge. Every one of these names means something in tennis. Mangin is one of the best doubles players in the country. Jones, who learned a lot of his tennis from Tilden, and learned it well, plays



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Robert Garland, New York Telegram.

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with his tongue in his cheek. If he were as serious about his game as Bell is, you would hear a great deal more about him. Farquharson is pretty much the same type of player as Jones. He has the same smooth style, plays with the same abandon and disregard for the consequences, and is as facile a volleyer as any in the tournament. Between these two in the draw was Williams, the most daring of the daring, who doesn't play with his tongue in his cheek, but who never has forgotten how to smile, come weal or woe.

In some respects this bottom eight was the most interesting in the draw of ninety players, but, tennis form being as stabile as it is, no one thought of looking so far down for the winner of the tournament. The chances are that when the semi-final round is reached, Tilden will be bracketed with Doeg, Bell, or Austin in the upper half, while Lott will be opposed to Hunter. —A. D.

•

APATHETIC FALLACY

If one could hide behind a ribald joke
The broken heart no laughter could allay;
If, stoic, one could sit apart and smoke,
View, unperturbed, one's lifetime slip away;
If one could watch love wane from day to day;
See one's best efforts dimmed by lesser folk,
Unmoved; could serve—and thrive—on meagre pay;
For heedless master bear a willing yoke;
If one could smile at will, and swallow tears;
Impassive, watch a friend betray his trust;
Keep his hopes covered, silent as his fears;
Leave well-loved memories among their dust—
That paragon could scarce be classed as human . . .
And Godfrey! What a frost for some poor woman!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Etiquette column in the New Haven Journal Courier*]

Q. What is a diplomatic way for a business man or woman to dispose of an unwelcome or wearisome caller?

A. One of the most effective ways is, at an opportune moment, to arise.

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IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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DAVID BELASCO presents
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GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
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BY R. C. SHERRIFF

HUDSON Theatre. W. 44 St. Ice Cooled. Evs. 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
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HOT CHOCOLATES
MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY TUESDAY

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EARL CARROLL'S New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR
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Sept. 14, 15, 16, "THE BROADWAY MELODY" talking, singing, dancing; Sept. 17 & 18 Adolph Menjou in "Fashions in Love", all talking; Sept. 19 and 20 Dolores Del Rio in "Evangeline." Sept. 21, 22, 23, Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond", all talking.
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BIRD IN HAND
Original English Cast Over a Year in London
6th BIG MONTH IN NEW YORK

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THE SPY OF
One of the finest pictures Germany has ever produced
MADAME POMPADOUR
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mr. Tracy Keeps On Hoofing — The Return of the Jazz-Mad

ROXY'S has followed up the exuberant run of "The Cock Eyed World" with a considerably milder picture, "Big Time." "Big Time" is distinctive only for the performance of Lee Tracy, whom you probably remember as the hoofer in "Broadway," when "Broadway" was a play. In this film he has exactly the same sort of rôle, that of a vain, weak, and altogether winning young man with a dancing act.

However, history has been in the making since that night, two years ago or so, when the possibilities of this subject were first made manifest to a delighted public. The screen and stage have made the foibles and phases of this life familiar to us all, and the part begins to grow a little wearisome. This picture suggests "Broadway" and "The Dance of Life" ("Burlesque"), as well as those innumerable minor tales of backstage life which have bloomed in the trail of the bigger successes.

"Big Time" is a rather long, somewhat tedious film, with the narrative pace of those good old-fashioned three-decker novels which used to follow the rise and fall of a character or a dynasty. As in "Burlesque," the talented young dancer needs the guiding hand of his beloved and is lost without it. His act goes to pieces, and he falls from "big time" to no time at all, only to be salvaged at his lowest point by beneficent loyalty. Evidently in the hearts of ladies of the stage there is a healing quality Florence Nightingale might well have envied.

THOUGH show people have come to the front so much of late, the younger generation, those jazz-mad children of the post-war era, are not entirely neglected, thanks especially to Joan Crawford. This handsome young woman's somewhat alarming hilarity is exploited to the full in "Our Modern Maidens," a film with one of the oldest plots in history, but developed

"aged in the wood

these two little babes, oh, so good," said the clever cinema customer, but they would neither have lost time or themselves beating about the broadway bush for the best entertainment if they'd gone straight to

the criterion

where paramount has placed its "four feathers," ruffled african plumage smoothed by careful handling.

the rivoli—
united artists

where you can see paramount's "dance of life" with nancy carroll and hal skelly leading the grand march and the public paying the piper.

the rialto

where all the little thrills are present as ronald colman speaks the king's english for samuel goldwyn in "bulldog drummond."

the paramount

is paramount's "jealousy" with jeanne eagels just a gal with a well-laid past. abe lyman does his stuff with the band and jesse crawford with the organ.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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among lighting fixtures and general decoration of the latest invention. The young people are very noisy; they give expensive parties, we gather, at which individual members now and again jump on the piano, or some other prominent extemporaneous stage, and sing songs, make speeches, or do imitations, demanding the attention of the other guests for the moment. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is one of the guests who does a "number," and Rod La Rocque is the older man of the world who complicates things.

THESE were the only new pictures providing any moments of pleasure. "The Lady Lies," even with Walter Huston, is a vague, frightened little picture trying hard to be naughty without causing offence to any human being, but, as is usual in such cases, it is only uninteresting. The old jokes about the anguish of horseback-riding for the tyro are reeled out laboriously in "The Hottentot." "The Spy of Madame Pompadour" is very German and heavy except for the acting of Fritz Kortner as the imbecile Russian Czar, a performance somewhat suggestive of Jannings in "The Patriot."—J. C. M.

•

ADONIS RETURNS EARTHWARD

Venus is very beautiful,
Beautiful as light,
But oh, Persephone, my dear,
That first Stygian night

When I came to you and saw
Your dark loveliness,
When you drew my stricken face
Down upon your breast—

Persephone, you know, you know!
What was Venus then?
A fragile, vanished dream to me
Who was of mortal men!

Now I must return with her
For half a year, fates tell,
But I'll be back, my shadowy dear,
For a heaven's-length in hell!

—FRANCES M. FROST

•

WANTED immediately by Englishman, room for one year, with board one week of each month. Piano and noisy family essential to counteract rest of the month in jungle.—*The Times of India, Bombay.*

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"Women don't realize what a lovely asset their hands can be made," she says. "And it is so simple—in less than two minutes the new Cutex Liquid Polish gives my nails the accent I like with today's feminine fashions."

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Just these three simple things give your hands a charming femininity—

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out the half moons.

Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip of the nail and then a touch of Nail White . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

"Your manicure stamps you as one who knows—or does not *know," Mrs. McLaughlin insists. "I am very particular to keep my cuticle smooth and my nails polished—my little Cutex Set is invaluable to me."*

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(*Below*) MISS NANCY DYER'S *sketches appear in smart magazines. "Until I discovered the new Cutex Liquid Polish I was in despair over my nails. Its delightful brilliance does not dim."*

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NORTHAM WARREN,
Dept. 9Y-9, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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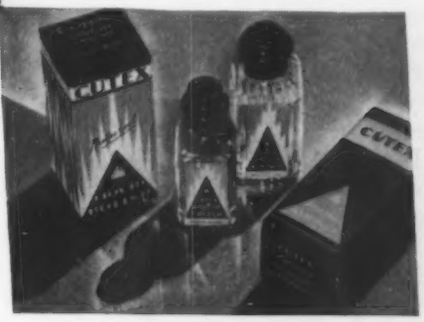


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, SEPT. 9

VIONNET COLLECTION GOOD NEWS EVEN FOR BAD FIGURES. HER DRESSES CONFINE ALL SMOOTHNESS AND SNUGNESS TO SHOULDERS AND HIPS, LEAVING HAPPILY NEBULOUS WAISTLINES. BELTS ARE NEARLY NORMAL, SKIRTS LONG BUT NOT TRAILING. COATS MOSTLY OF FUR OR FUR-LINED, WITH FRONT WIDE ENOUGH TO WRAP BEYOND THE HIPS. LOTS OF BLACK SATIN DRESSES WORN BENEATH LIGHT-COLORED COATS TRIMMED WITH BLACK FOX OR BLACK-DYED ERMINE. FRAGILE PASTEL GREENS, PINKS, AND BLUES IN EVERYTHING FROM TWEED TO CHIFFON. B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IN this period of unrest, all you laymen must be even more bewildered than the harassed fashion folk themselves. One very smart shop will cautiously lengthen the skirts a tentative inch, take a few tucks at a normal waistline that can be let out if necessary, and call it the new mode. The shop next door, equally substantial, will encourage wasp waists and skirts trailing the pavements, even in daytime. A girl doesn't know which way to turn. Certainly, during this experimentation on the part of everybody, the epidemic of bad taste is going to be just awful, what with this and what with that.

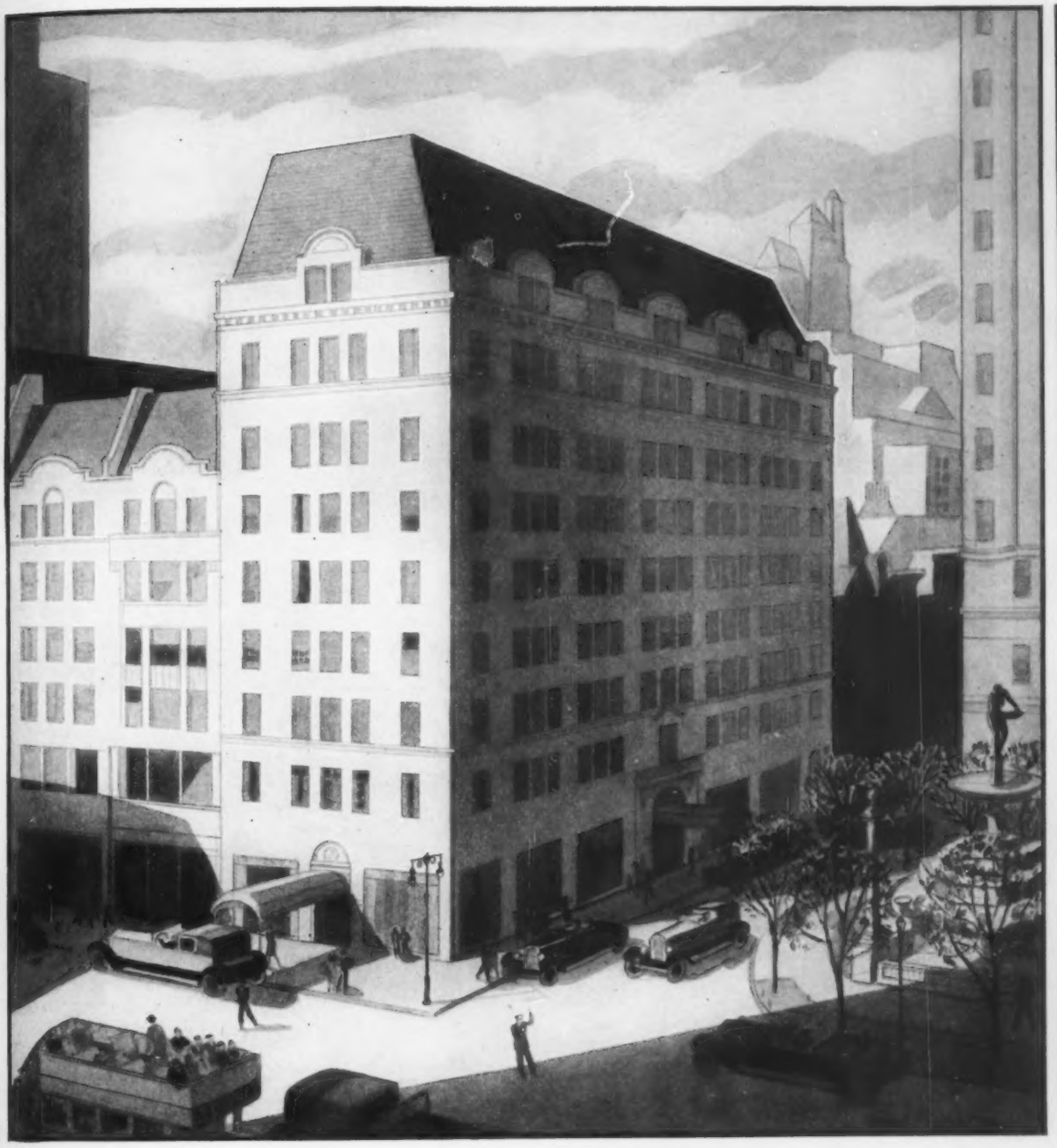
THOSE of you who want to know, however, what the new Paris mode holds in the way of stimulating potentialities should go at once, clutching a large marital cheque in your hand, and visit Harry Lichtenstein's custom-made department at Jay-Thorpe. In many cases, the models shown are the product of well-known Paris couturiers; in many others, they are carefully worked out interpretations of the highlights in Paris. All of them are worth seeing, and frightfully smart in an entirely new way.

One thing that I thought would be simply horrid, and which turned out to look charming, is the use of tweed coats with very frilly afternoon clothes of lace, chiffon, velvet, and so on. There is a costume, for instance, that has a simple dress of heavy crêpe, in princesse lines, for morning wear; an afternoon dress, along the same lines, of a net flecked with lighter color, and having a leather belt tight around the waist in the old flapper fashion; and a coat of tweed in the two shades of the lace to go over either dress. Another dress of tobacco-brown ribbed velvet, absolutely plain at the neckline, tightly belted at the waist, and flaring perkily below, is accompanied by the most marvellous coat of a brown and white tweed of the rough type formerly associated exclusively with sports. Then, of course, there are tweed ensembles for country and morning wear, many of them having handbags and hats to match, if you want to go that far.

Jay-Thorpe is also following the Paris mania for heavy coarse jersey, exemplified best in a tobacco-brown dress cut to define the normal waistline and trimmed with bands of white jersey decorated with brown buttons. The white jersey also lines the brown coat, which has a white caracal collar. Coats here, by the way, wrap way around under the arm in the fashion just described by B. M.

The fabrics here are wonderful; the lines are simple and radically changed. Look at a sort of necktie silk in black with casual orange and white patterns, and little gooseflesh nubs of velvet scattered over it. Velvets appear in every known version, even the figured ones being stimulating. There is a group of afternoon dresses inspired by Lenief that are absolutely simple in neckline; perfectly straight, except for the indication of the normal waistline; and fash-

"Oh—anvils? Yes, of course—sixth floor. I thought you said animals."



BERGDORF GOODMAN'S NEW FASHION REVELATION

Open this month . . . the two new adjoining buildings . . . an eloquent proof of the enthusiastic patronage received during our first year on the Plaza. A new Shoe Salon with a complete selection of Bergdorf Goodman shoes . . . a luxurious Louis XVI Boudoir as a décor for lovely lingerie . . . an enlarged sports department. These innovations fulfill the idea that to be well dressed, the smartly gowned woman must have that final expert touch on her shoes and lingerie as well as on her hats and accessories . . . to have the soignée air of feminine perfection, she must go from salon to salon, creating her ensemble as individual and harmonious as our designers can make it. Fourth Floor: Made-to-Order, Boudoir for lingerie and boudoir accessories. Third Floor: Ready-to-Wear, enlarged Sports Salon. Second Floor: Shoe Salon, Furs, Coats and larger sizes in gowns. Street Floor: Hats, Bags, Gloves, Hosiery, and Prince Matchabelli Perfumes.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

THAT Knox hats have more than meets the eye at first glance goes without saying. Witness how *The Rogue*, with a sly wink, starts in front by being casual and winds up in back by not being casual at all! . . . Knox felt, with swirling insets of ribbon, in a multiplicity of the best colors. $20. Other Knox hats $12.50 up.

Catalog of Knox Riding Hats for Women on request.

THE WOMEN'S SHOPS OF

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THE HATTER

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ioned of, for instance, white crêpe and black crêpe joined at the waist by a colored band decorated with gold lamé roses. Another is of chartreuse, decorated with silver embroidery as it ascends to the neck, and turning into black crêpe around the shoulders. Still another is of black satin that turns into crêpe of a pastel color as it reaches the normal waistline. Perfect for afternoon.

Before you buy evening coats, look at the short ones—of velvet or brocade lavishly trimmed with fur—that are to be found here. They are charming, and, to my mind, infinitely preferable to that cluttered feeling around the ankles that results from drippy skirts and drippy wraps together. These descend in a point or curved line and stop just above the knees in back, and are cut up slightly in front. An evening ensemble inspired by Mirande, having a raspberry-pink flat crêpe dress and a coat of this type in wine-red velvet, should indicate what I mean.

AT the Tailored Woman, which goes in for flawless taste of the conservative but chic type, they have done miraculous things about adjusting the old waistline to the new so that it may be made charming for any figure. The fitting here is grand, as you know, and there are many, many models so arranged that the belt may be worn high or low; the waistline may be ignored, hinted at, or defined, according to individual requirement. The collection is, accordingly, a boon to the woman who has either lost her waistline or is a leetle bit dubious about the Diamond Lil influence.

There are some gorgeous dresses of a very fine panne velvet, called pannemossa, hand-blocked in deeper color toward the top of a longish tunic that is capable of any waist adjustment you desire. A Chanel dress of crêpe achieves the same compromise by means of horizontal tucks to a point below the hips—to be worn straight or fitted in. Look at Lelong's afternoon dress of heavy satin, with the circular part starting below the hips, and tucks starting downward from a normal waistline that may be pinched in or not. Paray also compromises in a crêpe afternoon dress with the gathered fullness of the skirt starting very low, and criss-cross

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MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

RIGHT IN THE WHIRL

SOME of these very full days hardly leave us any time. Have to gallop through shaving with a hustle—and trust to luck—*or*, if you're in the know, to Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Time doesn't matter when you brush up with Squibb's. It always does a cool, thorough, comfortable job of shaving.

Try it. You'll find your razor singing a song of smoothness. What a real surprise you'll find in the mellow comfort—the soothing freshness of a good Squibb shave! All drug stores sell it. 40c a generous tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

bands hinting at an Empire effect above. Another Lelong street dress, with a tunic ascending up to the waistline on one side only, is worthy of your attention. Still another trick is to have the dress of contrasting materials; the break in fabric, if not in line, occurs at the normal waistline, as in an Augustabernard afternoon dress of black crêpe and creamy beige satin with a bow of the two fabrics high on one hip.

Coats here are up to the Tailored Woman's usual high standard. In the first place, there are some charming lapin jackets and full-length coats to be worn with tweed frocks. Then there is a Patou coat, of bright red wool trimmed with black caracal, that emphasizes the circular flare at the extreme wrap-around closing. Another, from Worth, of beige wool trimmed with beaver, has fur at the hem ascending to the hip on one side. Many coats do now. You can take your choice of bright vermilion criss-cross homespun trimmed with wolf; black broadcloth, very elegantly cut, trimmed with paradise fox or black lynx; heavy oxford cloth, cut on princesse lines, trimmed with Persian lamb; or various beige woollens trimmed with mink —a fur, by the way, that is in great favor at this shop.

WHILE you are doing your prowling at Franklin Simon, look particularly for these four dresses. One is from London Trades—of very coarse black jersey, and having a circular skirt, a high leather belt of black and white kid, and a trimming of white piqué bows. You have to have something like this for your strenuous daytime activities. Then, cast your eye upon a Patou tweed that not only has a slight blousing at bolero length, and a skirt buttoning on at the top of the hips, but also a belt between and tabs to connect all three. One of the hits of the season. For afternoon, look at Patou's dress of heavy black satin, carefully fitted in through the waistline and very simple in its contours; and at a froufrou Suzanne Talbot of black lightweight satin, with a collar of the satin, pleated, coming over the point of the shoulder, and tiers of the same pleated fabric ascending high in the front of the skirt. This is sleeveless, by the way.

A RECENT merger in the world of fashion has joined the hands of Daisy Garson and Mabel Eldridge, formerly of Eldridge Manning, who are now receiving company in their new

The Ideal Apartment in GREAT NECK
2 TO 5 ROOMS

COME out to Great Neck and see this modern apartment building with Park Avenue features: automatic elevators with attendants, gymnasium, roof-garden, incinerators, maid service, servants' quarters, G.E. refrigerators, sound-proof walls.

Only two blocks from railroad station, only five minutes from bathing beach, one block from shopping center and theatre. Two rooms start from $70; three rooms from $90; four rooms from $120; five rooms from $150.

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EXCLUSIVE SHOPS · ART GALLERIES
WOMEN'S CLOTHING SHOPS
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Large store with mezzanine and more than usual basement space. Floors for one or two tenants. Units from 400 to 1,800 square feet.

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quarters at 22 East Sixty-seventh Street. Mrs. Eldridge is noted both for her sure taste in the selection of French models that are frightfully chic without being Fords, and for designing of her own that reaches supreme heights in the concoction of picture frocks that are not costumey. Daisy Garson is High Empress of delectable negligees, pajamas, nightgowns, and other boudoir fripperies, and needs no introduction to those of you who go completely feminine in private life. The minute I get a chance I'll be telling you all about specific models. This is just in case you can't wait. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

LONDON, SEPT. 4

PLAIN gray flannel suits have become so popular in London that Pleydell & Smith are advising their customers against them, suggesting some sort of striped flannel instead. Anderson & Sheppard, however, have sold a great deal of gray flannel this year; though doubtless it will be worn only in the country, which means—to Englishmen—any place outside of London, including Paris. In any case, the gray is quite dark, and at Anderson & Sheppard, has a slight blueish cast which is noticeable only when it is compared with ordinary gray. The blue-gray has a little more life, and will not turn greenish with age.

Sharkskin, with which we are all familiar, is still the favorite for lounge suits. You see it in all shades of blue, brown, and gray. Sometimes there is a slight pattern in the weave but usually it is perfectly plain. Tailors say that the plain weave is more popular because the fabric is firmer and will not stretch out of shape.

THERE has been a reaction against the exaggerated shoulders of a few years ago. Shoulders are high and square, of course, but they are not extended beyond the arm; the squareness is achieved by cutting and working the material rather than by stuffing. Aside from the fact that stuffed shoulders look as if the coat-hanger had been left inside, they are quite impractical; no matter how skillful the padding it becomes bumpy in time, especially if the suit is wetted by rain. There has also been a reaction against peaked lapels on single-breasted jackets. These are really meant only

"A YEAR AGO that swim would have winded me."

"What put you in shape—cut down the heavy smoking?"

"No—where I live, the gym is so handy, a man has no excuse for not keeping fit."

"Where's that?"

"At The Allerton."

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"—And the movies *hurt* my eyes and you *said* we'd go to any play I picked and you have *no* business saying there aren't any seats left until you've gone to Bascom—"

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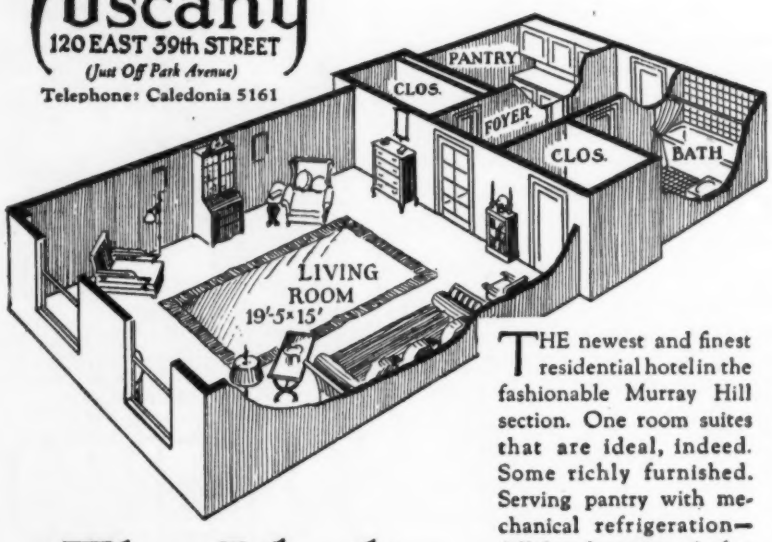

THE newest and finest residential hotel in the fashionable Murray Hill section. One room suites that are ideal, indeed. Some richly furnished. Serving pantry with mechanical refrigeration—full hotel service. A few are available now on yearly leases.

The Ideal 1-Room Apartment

for double-breasted coats, and tailors are now advising notched lapels on all single-breasted models except dinner jackets.

Trousers are quite long and perhaps a little wider, though nothing like the Oxford bags. They all are pleated at the waistband, and most of them are turned up at the bottom.

I don't like double-breasted waistcoats with lounge suits, but you see a great many here; they have exaggerated lapels that are hidden, thank goodness, by the jacket. Pleydell & Smith have eliminated the sixth, and bottom, button on single-breasted waistcoats, maintaining that it was never meant to be buttoned, and that it decreases a man's height—not very alarmingly, I imagine.

BOWLERS are being worn a great deal, and a few very careful young men wear black homburgs with dark blue or gray lounge suits—never with brown. This is a difficult fad to keep up with, however.

In the evening, you see many men going about town in full evening dress wearing neither hat nor coat—a sensible idea in hot weather. Those who do wear hats usually wear silk ones. Sometimes in town, and frequently in the country and on the Continent, soft black felt hats are worn with dinner jackets. One thing is certain: you never see opera hats worn by anybody except tourists and variety performers.

Evening ties, both black and white, are smaller than they were last year, and for the most part they are double-ended butterflies, which must be exactly the right size or they are impossible to tie. These new ties, instead of covering the wings of the collar completely, show about a quarter-inch of wing point on each side. I have seen none of those long narrow ties that we have been hearing about.

White waistcoats (worn only with tails, of course) are usually single-breasted; but, single or double, they all have points of some kind and are never cut straight across the bottom. Most of them are backless. Waistcoat buttons are very elaborate and almost everyone seems to have had his own ideas about them. One man, for instance, wears plain gold buttons stamped with his crest—like a seal ring—and his sleevelinks have the crest on one side and his initials on the other. These should make handsome heirlooms.

Small pearl shirtstuds are very popu-

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's

By a total lack of sharpened hair growth you can feel the difference between this and old ways

A New Discovery in Removing Hair from Arms and Legs

That At Last Banishes The Fostering of Coarsened Re-growth

A simple method that not only removes hair from arms and legs instantly, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

A new way of removing hair from arms and legs has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are complaining of. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt.

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly—utterly without fostering coarsened re-growth

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the sharpened re-growth women are complaining of. You can feel the difference. No sharpened hair growth. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

214

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

5 o'clock Brutes
. . . *are you one?*

His secretary in tears . . . his office boy hiding in the washroom . . . his general manager plotting black murder. Yet at heart he's really a kindly man, gives bonuses at Christmas, likes to see the help get along. But he has one pernicious habit. All day long he puffs brutal black cigars . . . and every puff a vicious solar plexus wallop at his nerves. He ought to do what so many wise executives have already done . . . switch to MURIELS. Then he can smoke as much as he wants . . . savoring in every puff the fresh, mild fragrance that MURIEL alone possesses. He'll find new joy in smoking . . . his employees new joy in living. MURIELS are neither too mild nor too heavy. Choice Havana blended with other selected tropical leaf.

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NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES

10¢ and up

ROTHSCHILDS	**10¢**
CORONAS	**10¢**
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{© P. Lorillard Co., Established 1760}

lar, but I have seen a great many undecorated gold ones.

Shirts have two studs now, and many of the fronts are of plain linen, instead of marcella to match the tie and waistcoat.

IN the country, almost everyone dresses in light-brown tweed jackets and gray flannel trousers. You seldom see gray tweed, and never tan flannels. Country shoes are always tan; some are suede with heavy soles, but more are heavy calf, either plain or brogued. I haven't seen a pair of brown-and-white or black-and-white shoes on anyone except cockneys. Plain white shoes are worn for tennis or boating.

Tab collars are worn everywhere, in town as well as in the country. In fact they are rather too popular. Generally they are made of fabrics having very neat stripes or tiny checks, in colors that are never startling. Ties are plain or have a tiny pattern, and they match the color of either the suit or the shirt. The idea seems to be to get everything the same color. For example, a gray suit is worn with a bowler, black shoes, a gray-and-white shirt, and a gray-and-black tie.

EVERYONE in the West End carries yellow chamois gloves and an umbrella, but I have yet to see a man wearing the gloves or opening the umbrella. —G. McC.

•

VIEW FROM A FIFTH-FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE

An underfed ailanthus tree
Contributes animatedly
One bright, intrepid splotch of green.
And here and there through the ravine
An enterprising ray of sun
Contrives to have a little fun
By wriggling through a window just
To call attention to the dust.

And though it's messy in the street,
The sky above is large and neat.
And from this fire escape of mine
The cloud effects are very fine
Along about this time of day
Despite the roof across the way
That harbors shirts hung out to dry
Against the valiant Gotham sky.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

A few years ago we purchased the Book of Knowledge and since then our daughter has led her class.—*Testimonial in a Sunday paper.*

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IT CAN NOT TIP

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$3.50
Doubleday, Doran

RECENT BOOKS

All the Winners

IT is Masterpiece Week in the publishing business. The new books are arriving with gold bands across their chests and blue ribbons pinned on their jackets.

OF all the prizewinners, "Ultima Thule" is not only the best but is so far the best that it takes the edge off all the others. For twenty years Henry Handel Richardson has been writing novels. One, "Maurice Guest," has enjoyed a slow and select fame. Miss Richardson (for Henry Handel Richardson is a woman) has had the bitter and unprofitable distinction of being an author's author. In "Ultima Thule" she reaches out and grasps greatness. It is as if, for the first time, she felt full confidence in her own instinct and vision.

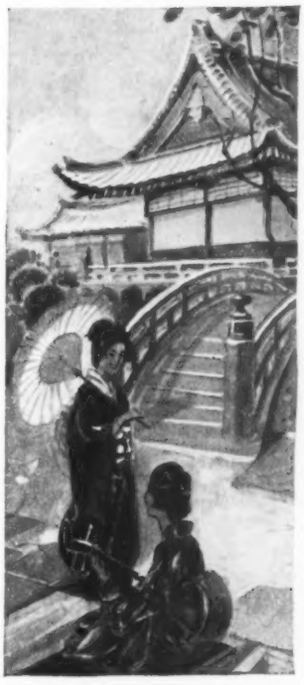
"Ultima Thule" was written as the final novel in a trilogy. It begins at the moment in the career of Dr. Richard Mahoney when his soul starts its agonizing plunge to catastrophe. The scene of his debacle is Australia in the seventies; Miss Richardson seems to have chosen a remote time and place purposely to isolate her tragedy of an individual. Dr. Mahoney has been an able physician but an unsuccessful manager of his financial affairs. In middle life, already a beaten man, he is forced to make a fresh start in his practice and to provide for his wife and three children. He is a man caught in a trap, predestined to defeat; and in his brain is the seed of madness. From place to place, in the half-civilized bushlands, the doctor and his pathetic family try to escape from the dreadful consequences of his disordered mind.

With infinite skill, Miss Richardson traces the slow horror of the approach of this madness. With beautiful tenderness she shows the no less pitiful tragedy of the children of the doomed household. Her greatness, however, lies in her picture of the doctor's wife—a really fine study of human courage.

This is no book to trick you into false praise by any glittering cleverness or by any sudden brilliance. It is of the sound, enduring stuff that makes

JAPAN
WHERE EAST MEETS WEST IN GOLDEN HOURS OF LEISURE - -

NYK LINE



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from Los Angeles ..... November 1st
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Regular Sailings every other Wednesday from San Francisco, $230—$300 up. Every other Friday from Los Angeles, $240 — $300 up. Fortnightly Sailings from Seattle, direct to the Orient, $195 up. * * * **Round-the-Pacific Tours** with privilege to start from any point en route. Rates from $852.40 up. **Round-the-World** in either direction with privilege of stop-over at more ports of call than by any other route. $910 up, including rail fare to and from your home.

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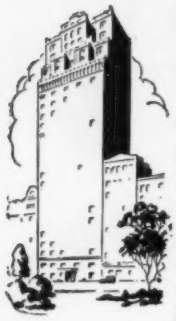

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Apartment Hotel

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BUILT AND OWNED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

great literature. It is, in short, a novel to break your heart.

JULIAN GREEN is the author of the Harper Prize Novel of 1929. Mr. Green's literary career has been one prize novel after another. He is, you know, a young American who lives in France and writes in French. By all standards of judgment, "The Dark Journey" is a fine novel. Its story of hideous and twisted lives is told with extraordinary cleverness; its sordid realism is mirrored over with a gray sort of poetic charm. This tale of primitive passions in a provincial town in France has a weird but undeniable beauty. However, and I hang my head as I write it, Mr. Green leaves me cold. He is too mechanically perfect. He is too chill and grim, and—as yet—too imprisoned by his own correctness. I, for one, long for the day when Mr. Green forgets himself and runs wild.

THE Dutton Prize novel for September, "The Beautiful Years," was imported from England. Henry Williamson is a naturalist with a sensitive appreciation for the beauty and drama in small things. So he is at his best in this delicate study of the tension between a boy and his father. Young Willie Maddison, as wild as a rabbit and as elusive as a sparrow, is the eternal small boy. His father is the eternal parent. Between them is a subtle but none the less cruel warfare. The inarticulate conversations, when father and son grope for some mutual understanding, are enough to bring disquieting fears even to those born daddies who pride themselves on being just big brothers and pals to their sons.

Mr. Williamson's love for and knowledge of the English countryside traps him and sidetracks him. He often stops the scene to admire the scenery. Also, as a fair warning, there is much rustic English dialect in the

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book, which always requires time out for translation.

THE shouting, singing, dancing, revivalist style of negro speech is continued by Dr. Howard W. Odum in "Wings on My Feet." In this sequel to "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," the black Ulysses chants his experiences with a colored regiment at the war, which wasn't much of a treat because Tiger Gordon had seen so much killing and fighting in peace times. The hand-clapping and stomping narrative is infectious even to those who, like myself, are shy of books that emphasize race, color, or creed.

THOSE two impassioned Chicagoans, Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith, have tried to cram the complete history of their city into one volume. "Chicago: the History of Its Reputation" is breathless with facts and bristling not only with murders but with miracles. Its authors were handicapped by too much material and with the feeling that they had to be strictly bound by chronological order. They have not had time to linger long enough over the Fair, the Fire, or the many wonder-men and women who barge in and out of the narrative. It seems unfair to devote more space to Tecumseh the Shawnee than to Mrs. Potter Palmer, and to snub Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" in a single paragraph. Nevertheless, it is a lively book.

AS you've probably heard, Kathleen Millay wrote "Against the Wall" to "raise hell with women's colleges." Miss Millay's novel is angry, and it will give the girls something to argue about, now that they are flocking back to old Alma Mater. But it probably will not peel the ivy off any venerable walls. You'll forgive me, won't you, if I'm not much interested?

FOR those who, like this sentimentalist, read every legend of Marie Antoinette, I recommend John Garber Palache's biography, "Marie Antoinette: the Player Queen." It is, of course, a perennial retelling of the stories that will never grow old, but it is well written, complete, and sympathetic. —A. W. S.

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3 RMS. Lge. liv. rm. in-a-dor bed. desir. nbrhd. Linc. pk. dist. gd. trans. ht. all hrs. immed. poss. conc. Wabash. 8590—*Chicago Daily News.*

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). Fine study of human courage and a great tragic novel.

The Dark Journey, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual and mechanically perfect prizewinner.

The Beautiful Years, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A naturalist surveys a small boy under his microscope.

Wings on My Feet, by Howard W. Odum (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Dancing narrative of a black Ulysses at the war.

Against the Wall, by Kathleen Millay (*Macaulay*). To "raise hell with women's colleges," as you've probably heard.

Singermann, by Myron Brinig (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The social adjustment of an immigrant family told with sanity and beauty.

Life Goes On, by W. G. Rogers (*Liveright*). Stenographic record of the conversations in an American home during one gruesome evening. Funny, in a mean way.

The Half Pint Flask, by DuBose Heyward (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Negro ghost story that wouldn't scare even the most timid.

Red Cavalry, by I. Babel (*Knopf*). Soviet literature. For those who can make anything out of it.

The History of Egg Pandervil, by Gerald Bullett (*Knopf*). The life of a grocer made, believe it or not, surprisingly interesting.

Bright Intervals, by Nancy Hoyt (*Knopf*). In which a true heart triumphs —with the assistance of a gay and witty author.

The World's Delight, by Fulton Oursler (*Harper*). Lively novel written around the career of Adah Isaacs Menken.

Less recent:

The Young May Moon, by Martha Ostenso. Love Story, by Thelma Woodhill. Ex-Wife, Anonymous. American Colony, by Charles Brackett. Hide in the Dark, by Frances Noyes Hart. Homeplace, by Maristan Chapman. The Eater of Darkness, by Robert Coates. The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz. The Fiddler, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. The

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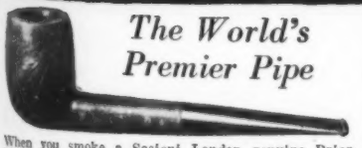

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MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE MURDER IN THE BROWNSTONE HOUSE, by Wilson Collison (*McBride*). . . . THE DUKE OF YORK'S STEPS, by Henry Wade (*Payson & Clarke*). . . . THE INVISIBLE WEB, by H. Ashton-Wolfe and Edmond Locard (*Stokes*). . . . THE GLENLITTEN MURDER, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE ROMAN HAT MYSTERY, by Ellery Queen (*Stokes*). . . . THE SANFIELD SCANDAL, by Richard Keverne (*Harper*). . . . TEMPLE TOWER, by H. C. M. McNeile (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith (*Harcourt, Brace*). All the facts that are fit to print.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: THE PLAYER QUEEN, by John Garber Palache (*Longmans, Green*). The perennial biography—and very good.

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin (*Scribner*). Life of a baffling woman who eludes even her biographer. Fascinating reading.

SKIPPY AND OTHER HUMOR, by Percy Crosby (*Greenberg*). Collection of drawings worth owning.

DAWN GINSBERGH'S REVENGE, by S. J. Perelman (*Liveright*). Slapstick clowning by one of New York's cutups.

THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME, by Dorothy L. Sayers (*Payson & Clarke*). Anthology of horror stories, selected with fine discrimination. Also a splendid introduction for students of murder.

Less recent:

A BOOK OF OTHER WINES THAN FRENCH, by P. Morton Shand. NORAVIND, by Dudley Vail Talcott. THE GREAT MARY CELESTE HOAX, by Laurence J. Keating.

•

DE PROFUNDIS

The goldfish is dying,
The cactus is dead,
The absinthe bottle
Has broken its head,
Two ounces of perfume
Have spilled on the floor,
The bell-pull has frayed,
There's a creak in the door.
With such a state of affairs
Is it odd
That I should be wondering
What's happened to God?

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

Miss Bertha Farris returned Friday from a trip to the Rio Grande Valley. While there she went across the border into Mexico and stayed a few hours, to be able to say she had been out of the United States.—*Burnet (Tex.) Bulletin.*

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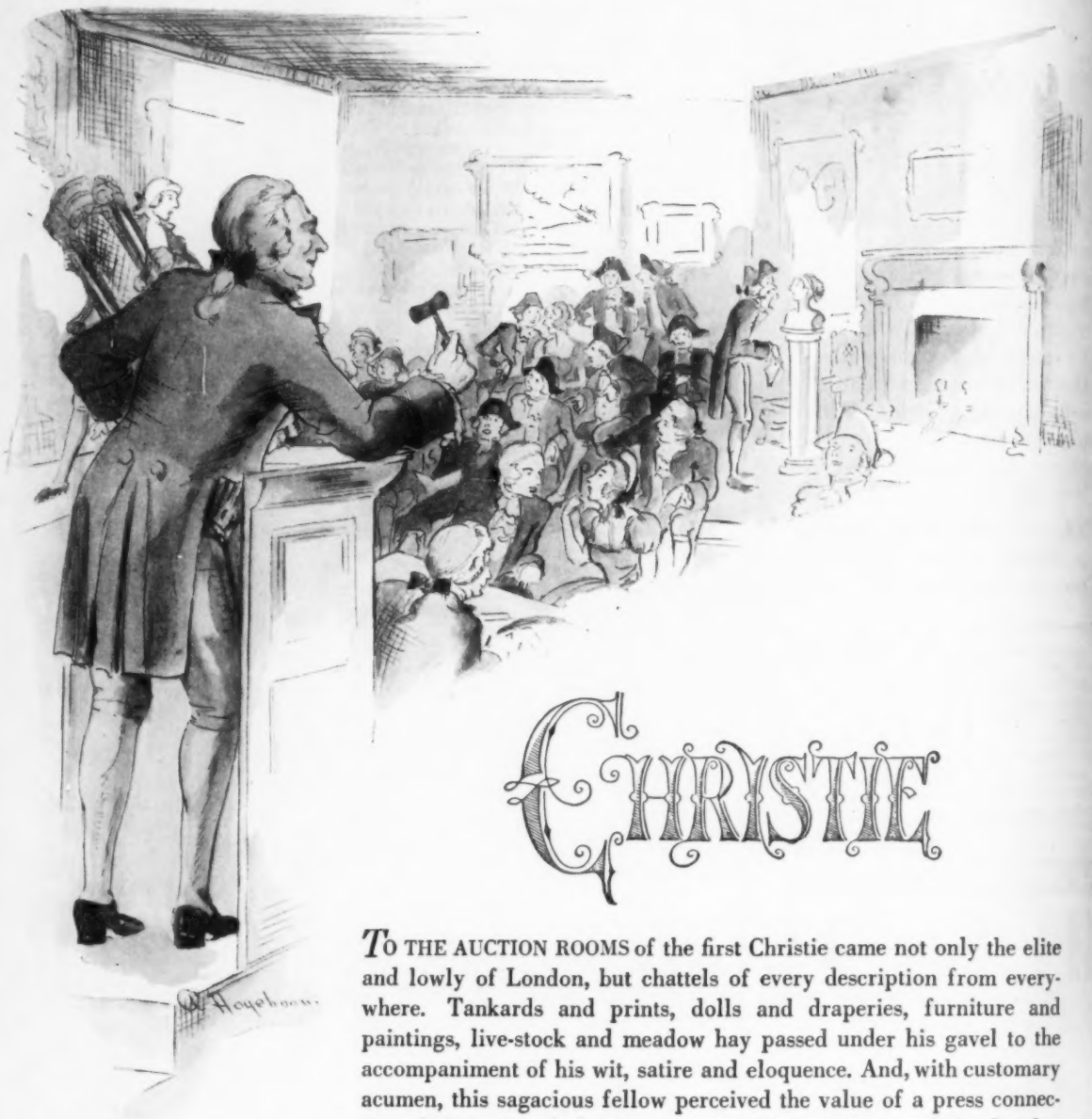

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TO THE AUCTION ROOMS of the first Christie came not only the elite and lowly of London, but chattels of every description from everywhere. Tankards and prints, dolls and draperies, furniture and paintings, live-stock and meadow hay passed under his gavel to the accompaniment of his wit, satire and eloquence. And, with customary acumen, this sagacious fellow perceived the value of a press connection, being one of the twenty original proprietors of the London Morning Chronicle in which the social movements of himself and friends were expressed in print . . . along with adroit announcements of his auction sales. However, the era of Christie was not unlike our own, except that ours spreads out to vastly greater dimensions, for, nowadays, hundreds of thousands of persons are touched by the beauty of antiques and fine reproductions and, importantly, a magnificent proportion of this multitude habitually contacts the movement of art through the Antiques and Decorative Arts Section of The Sun. Every Saturday, persons of the most exceptional type read its outline of old and modern art and gaze with kindly interest upon the advertisements of those who have rare and lovely things for sale.

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